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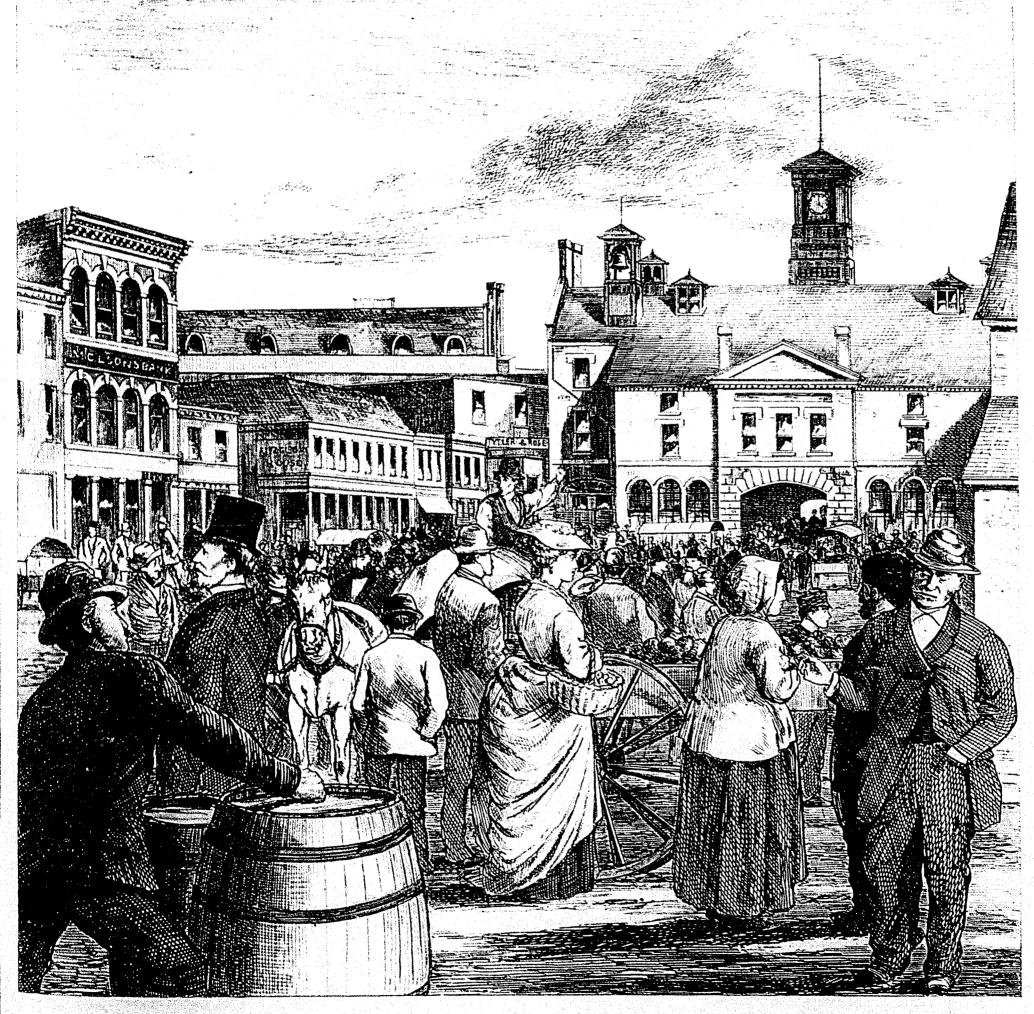
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Vol. XII.-No. 20.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1875.

SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS



LONDON, ONT:-SKETCH ON THE MARKET PLACE, LOOKING TOWARDS THE CITY HALL.-FROM A SKETCH BY C. WICKENDEN.

THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY issue the following periodicals, to all of which subscriptions are payable in advance:—The CANADIAN ILLUS-TRATED News, \$4.00 per annum; The CANA-DIAN PATENT OFFICE RECORD AND MECHANICS' MAGAZINE, \$2.00 per annum; L'OPINION PU-BLIQUE, \$3.00 per annum.

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# CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS,

Montreal, Saturday, Nov. 13th, 1875.

THE PROTECTION OF LIFE AND PROPERTY.

During the late contest in Montreal the

important subject of the public finances was frequently referred to in the addresses to which the electors were called upon to listen, but it was chiefly implemented in a spirit of strong party bias, of which the futility was singularly demonstrated. Thoughtful citizens are, of course, aware that the financial question, important as it must always be, forms but one section of the great complex human interest that statesmen are put in charge of. The public purse and credit form together the indispensable contributory to the success of all endeavours—as the means for the end-and also to the great business of caring for and enforcing the protection of the community whether against infringements of the public peace, or those physical, and, as we often call them, "unforeseen" accidents which are constantly arising out of a civilization exceedingly imperfect amidst all its successes. We are most of us convinced of the need of protection against risks attaching to our labours and our travel by land and sea. There can be no question more important in itself, and yet it could not be said that it has been on all hands recognized as it should be-and so this important department of the social life as it is, and as it will mark the commencement of the last quarter of this eventful century, with all contingencies unrevealed in the hidden future, found scarcely an echo in any of those more or less interesting speeches. The end of our politics which is the welfare of the community seemed to have been lost sight in the means. This did not arise, we are convinced, from mere insensibility to urgent public needs. There is no lack of humanity of feeling amongst Canadians, when you come to talk to them. It was the result rather of conventional practice, or to call it, a tacit and habitual understanding to leave unsaid, in public, things that are essentially important, and let us be allowed to say, so long as our human and social affections last, even more important than mere dollars and cents. Our readers may like to give this humble suggestion a place in their reflections. For ourselves we can only say how great will be our gratification if the subject we are discussing shall be given force and reality in the Parliaments of the Dominion. The interests of material accumulation, though essential, are not everything. Our Legischarge upon them, and such care for the living interests of the subjects of the Queen may well accompany that more national and organized and, in substantial usefulness, Imperial Railway policyalready foreshadowed, which will help us to avoid the "Air Towns and their Inhabitants" of our neighbours to the South West, as well as the oppressions in Land Tenures which are now being overcome through a laborious arbitration in the little Province of the Gulf of St. Lawrence,—two views of the past politics of nations well worthy £175,000 stg. But out of this the prio-

of the study of Canadian readers in the era of revival in our progress which we believe to be commencing. In a young country like the Dominion, a vigorous, progressive and honorable public policy will always be found the truest means for harmony in the work of legislation—for the promotion of the welfare of the people, through the law of progress, is felt as an obligation by all good subjects of the state.

#### RAILWAY FINANCE.

Some remarks have lately appeared in a contemporary upon the general financial situation as it will be affected by the construction of our Pacific Railway of the future. His argument in effect is that, in point of outlay and resulting annual interest to be met, we should be undertaking dangerous liabilities in carrying out the agreement come to by the Government of the Dominion with LORD CARNARVON. We leave the question of national good faith for the moment, and confine ourselves to his monetary view. He estimates the Railway charge of the fifteen years, roughly, at the same amount as would have been given outright to the contractors of the late Government for Pacific Railway purposes. We take his estimate in the form in which it is offered-premising, of course, that, in the present case, we keep the lands and the Railway. Well, the Dominion will have doubled its revenue, we assume, in the first ten years of Confederation. That revenue with then be, say, \$26,000,000, (twenty-six millions dollars.) We have for some years past maintained a surplus, though not an excessive one. Now, the two millions dollars a year, for fifteen years, we are called upon to raise for the Western sections of the Pacific Railway, we take as the measure of our Railway liability to be met by borrowing. On other sections, and partly on this, we have the lands to turn into money. In a little over seven years,—and the country should also make some progress in seven yearstotal borrowed of fifteen millions of dollars would have been expended. The annual interest on this, at 4 per cent, is six hundred thousand dollars,—that is, for for the seventh year. By the end of fifteen years, the amount of the annual interest on the entire sum borrowed for this purpose, would be, say, twelve hundred thousand dollars, which sum is less than 5 per cent of the revenue-we are-now able to raise annually, while the mere increase in that revenue in the tenth year of Confederation, over what it was in the first, will be, say, fully ten times the amount we should have to raise, for interest, according to the present assumption, fifteen years hence. What figures the revenue will attain to at that future date we do not presume to guess. But we are sure the slight glance at our finances we have now given will not be thought to have any thing in common with the gloomy views that have been sought to be cast over the future of the country.

#### THE GRAND TRUNK REPORT.

The last English mail brought us the Grand Trunk Report for the half year. It was not encouraging for the shareholders, but was well received by them; all sides admitting that it was straightforward and clear in its statements. On this subject, however, it is to be observed that the six months in question were disastrous ones for all railways in America. The Great Western had a more pitiful story of falling off of traffic to tell than the Grand Trunk, reat human and national as it went behind to the extent of £109.000 stg. against its working expenses. The net earnings of the Erie were \$4,000,000 to meet \$5,000,000 of liabilities. And so we might go on. But to come to the Grand Trunk figures, our greatest Canadian Rail way, and the one with which the credit of Canadahas been, and must for sometime be very closely associated. The gross revenues of the line have fallen off £106,000 stg. as compared with the same half of 1874; the expenses being £81,000 stg. less. The net revenue for the last half year is

rity charges of interest on mortgages, bonus &c., have to be paid, and the balance remaining is only £143 stg. No dividend therefore, can be paid on any of the preference stocks, which amount altogether to £12,000,000 stg. And after these there come £11,000,000 stg. of ordinary stock. Of £140,699 paid for maintenance of way. steel rails &c., £74,709 stg. have been charged to capital. It is predicted by the management that great economies will come from the improvements and great facilities for the doing of a much larger business; all of which is undoubtedly correct. But still there remains the discouraging fact for the proprietors, which is pointed out in the money article of the leading journal, "the Grand Trunk is overweighted." believe it will earn large sums of money, and that it will be sharply and carefully managed. This is now admitted on all hands, even by our Toronto contemporary. which has seemed to be its natural enemy. But with all this, by what earnings or what economy can it be expected to pay dividends on £23,000,000 stg! This is the hard fact at which all concerned have to look. The question is also one of great seriousness for the country; and there is this unpleasant point connected with it that the existing position is to a great extent the legacy of a political connection of former times.

#### THE STE. FAMILLE DISASTER.

There has been a loss of sixteen to eighteen lives by the capsizing of a scow when leaving a steamer in a storm in the north channel below Quebec. Two similar accidents by the upsetting of scows had occurred within 25 years in the same neighbourhood. It is one more lesson, and a most painful one, to enforce the necessity of proper build, and permanent and properly adjusted ballast in all passenger boats. A system of licencing for sea-worthiness and for number of passengers should also certainly be inaugurated for all these small vessels. The scow in question appears to have been in all respects unfit to carry passengers, and as far as can be seen none of those on board could swim. The chief Officer of the "Canadian" has been drowned from the company's wharfat Quebecwhen going on board the vessel at night. Probable cause, insufficient lighting. Quebec, how ever, is no worse off in this respect than some other Canadian cities. The carelessness of life in the Dominion extends to many departments of industry and recreation. A people like our own, whose members are thus so frequently plunged into grief and mourning through calamities preventable by the exercise of care and watchfulness, cannot but look with the earnestness of sufferers to their Legislature, when in session, for deliverance, through wise and deliberately considered measures, from some of the many forms of preventable accidents with which the peace of this rising community is so constantly and painfully disturbed. Our law-makers have all the requisite power for good. The difficulty chiefly is to know where to make a beginning, with so much to be accomplishhed; but this may surely be overcome. We are all in our constitutional hopefulness led to form rational expectations for our early future of safer navigation, safer railways, diminished fares, and manufactures that shall not be the destruction of the operatives engaged in them.

THE CANADIAN COMMISSION OF THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF

The Canadian Commission has invited the several Provinces to appoint Provincial Advisory Boards to assist in securing a complete representation of the industries of their respective Provinces in the International Exhibition of 1876. A number of Boards have been organized in accordance with this invitation. It is hoped that a uniform system of co-operative Boards, organized in accordance with this suggestion, will excite local interest in the objects of the Exhibition, and thus greatly facilitate the work of the Commission.

officer should be designated to conduct its correspondence with the Commission. The duty of the Boards will be—

1st. To disseminate information regarding the Exhibition.

2d. To secure the co-operation of industrial, scientific, agricultural, and other associations, in their Province.

3d. To appoint co-operative local committees, representing the different industries of their Province.

4th. To stimulate local action on all measures intended to render the Exhibition successful and a worthy representation of the industries of the country.

5th. To encourage the production of articles suitable for exhibition.

6th. To distribute documents issued by the Commission among the manufacturers and others in their Districts interested in the Exhibition.

7th. To render assistance in furthering the financial and other interests of the Exhibition, and to furnish information to the Commission on subjects that may be referred to them.

The Commission will aim to secure a high standard of quality in the articles exhibited, and a complete representation of the resources and industries of the country. To this end, there should be presented for the Exhibition the best products of each Province, and especially those which are regarded as of a representative character. The Commission will avail itself of the several Provincial Exhibitions of 1876 to secure the best possible selection of the articles generally exhibited on these occa-

Applications for space by intending ex hibitors should be made at once to the Secretary of the Advisory Board of each Province, who will furnish them with the Philadelphia printed classification, blank forms of entry, and every information desired. The Advisory Boards appointed by each Province are requested to report weekly to the Canadian Commission the progress of the work in their Provin-

The exhibition will be held at Fairmount Park, in the City of Philadelphia, and will be opened on the 10th of May, 1876, and closed on the 10th day of November following. All Governments have been invited to appoint Commissions, for the purpose of organizing their departments of the Exhibition. Full diagrams of the buildings and grounds have been furnished to the foreign Commissions on or before February 1, 1875, indicating the localities to be occupied by each nation, subject, however, to revision and readjustment. Applications for space and negociations relative thereto, must be conducted with the Commission of the country where the article is produced. Foreign Commissions are requested to notify the Director-General, not later than May 1, 1875, whether they desire any increase or diminution of the space offered them, and the amount. Before December 1, 1875, the Foreign Commissions must furnish the Director-General with approximate plans showing the manner of allotting the space assigned to them, and also with lists of their exhibitors, and other information necessary for the preparation of the Official Catalogue.

Products brought into the United States, at the Ports of New York, Boston, Portland, Me., Burlington, Vt., Suspenpension Bridge, N. Y., Detroit, Port Huron Mich., Chicago, Philadelphia, Baltimore. Norfolk, New Orleans and San Francisco, intended for display at the International Exhibition will be allowed togo forward to the Exhibition buildings, under proper supervision of customs officers, without examination at such ports of original entry, and at the close of the Exhibition will be allowed to go forward to the port from which they are to be exported. No duties will be levied upon such goods unless entered for consumption in the United States. The transportation, receiving, unpacking, and arranging of the products for Exhibition will be at the expense of the Canadian Commission. The installation of heavy articles requiring special foundations or adjustment should, by special Upon the organization of each Board, an arrangement, begin as soon as the progress

of the work upon the buildings will permit. The general reception of articles at the Exhibition buildings will commence on January 1, 1876, and no articles will be admitted after April, 19, 1876.

Space assigned to Foreign Commissions and not occupied on the 1st of April, 1876, will revert to the Director-General for reassignment. If products are not intended for competition, it must be so stated by the Exhibitor, and they will be excluded from the examination by the International Juries. An Official Catalogue will be published in four distinct versions,-viz., English, French, German and Spanish. The sale of Catalogues is reserved to the Centennial Commission. The ten departments of the Classification which will determine the relative location of articles in the Exhibition.—except in such collective exhibitions as may receive special sanction,and also the arrangement of names in the Catalogue, are as follows:-

I. Raw Materials—Mineral, Vegetable and Animal.

II. Materials and manufactures used for Food, or in the Arts, the result of Extractive or Combining Processes.

III. Textile and Felted Fabrics; Apparel, Costumes and Ornaments for the person.

IV. Furniture and Manufactures of general use in construction and in dwellings.
V. Tools, Implements, Machines and

VI. Motors and Transportation.

VII. Apparatus and Methods for the increase and diffusion of knowledge.
VIII. Engineering, Public Works, Architecture, etc.

IX. Plastic and Graphic Arts.

X. Objects illustrating efforts for the improvement of the Physical, Intellectual and Moral Condition of Man.

Foreign Commissions may publish Catalogues of their respective sections, and the Canadian Commission will avail themselves of the privilege. Exhibitors will not be charged for space. A limited quantity of steam and water power will be supplied gratuitously. The quantity of each will be settled definitively at the time of the allotment of space. Any power required by the exhibitor in excess of that allowed will be furnished by the Canadian Commission. Demands for such excess of power must also be settled at the time of the allotment of space.

The Canadian Commission will provide, at their own cost, all show cases, shelving, counters, fittings, etc., which they may require; and all countershafts with their pulleys, belting, etc., for the transmission of power from the main shafts in the Machinery Hall. All arrangements of articles and decorations must be in conformity with the general plan adopted by the Director-General. Special constructions of any kind, whether in the buildings or grounds, can only be made upon the written approval of the Canadian Commission. The Canadian Commission will take precautions for the safe preservation of all objects in the Exhibition; and it will be responsible for damage or loss of any kind, or for accidents by fire or otherwise. The Canadian Commission will employ watchmen of their own choice to guard their goods during the hours the Exhibition is open to the public, appointments of such watchmen to be subject to the approval of the Director General. The Canadian Commissions, or such agents as they may designate, shall be responsible for the receiving, unpacking and arrangement of objects, ell as for their removal at the close of the Exhibition; but no person shall be permitted to act as such agent until he can give to the Director-General written evidence of his having been approved by the proper Commission. Each package must be addressed "To

the Commission for Canada, at the International Exhibition of 1876, Philadelphia, United States of America," and should have at least two labels affixed to different but opposite sides of each case, and giving the following information:—

(1) The country from which it comes; steamer may be taken for Colombo, the capital of (2) name or firm of the exhibito: (3) the island and colony of Ceylon. After an ex-

residence of the exhibitor; (4) department to which objects belong; (5) total number of packages sent by that exhibitor; (6) serial number of that particular package. Within each package should be a list of all objects. Articles that are in any way dangerous or offensive, also patent medicines, nostrums and empirical preparations whose ingredients are concealed, will not be admitted to the Exhibition. The removal of goods will not be permited prior to the close of the Exhibition. Sketches, drawings, photographs or other reproductions of articles exhibited, will only be allowed upon the joint assent of the exhibitor and the Director General; but views of portions of the Building may be made upon the Director General's sanction.

Immediately after the close of the Ex hibition, the Canadian Commission shall remove their effects, and complete such removal before December 31, 1876. Each person who becomes an exhibitor hereby acknowledges and undertakes to keep the rules and regulations established for the government of the Exhibition. Special regulations will be issued concerning the Exhibition of fine arts, the organization of international juries, awards of prizes, and sales of special articles within the buildings, and on other points not touched upon in these preliminary instructions. All communications concerning the Exhibition should be addressed to the Secretary of the Advisory Board for each Province, who will refer the matter to the Canadian Commissioners for instructions if required. The Centennial Commission reserve the right to explain or amend these regulations, whenever it may be deemed necessary for the interests of the Exhibition.

#### OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

HON. ALEX. MACKENZIE ADDRESSING HIS CONSTITUENTS.

The late speech of the Premier to his constituents at Sarnia was delivered in the Court House of that town and was very respectably attended. He spoke for a long time giving explanations that had been asked and clearing up charges that have been from time to time made against his administration. The speech satisfied all who heard it.

#### ICELANDERS AT SARNIA.

This is a sketch of two hundred and sixty six Icelanders, with two interpreters, leaving the Railway station at Point Edward, near Sarnia, for the steamer Ontario, on their way to their new colony on the shores of Lake Manitoba. They are shown at the time that they were moving their effects to the baggage room before embarking on the steamer. The peculiar physiognomies and costumes of the women will attract attention.

MARKET PLACE, LONDON, ONT.

This is a view of the Market Place, looking towards the City Hall.

THE CANADIAN COMMISSION OF THE AMERICAN CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

A brief account of the members of the Commission will be found in another column. We regret that we were unable to obtain a sketch of the career of Mr. Macdougall, the representative of Ontario.

THE PRINCE OF WALES' VOYAGE TO INDIA.

We present our readers a view of the Scrapis in which the Prince of Wales is conveyed to India, and a Map of that country, pointing out exactly the route he is to follow. We are convinced that all our friends will take a deep interest in this Royal visit and will follow out all its phases carefully. The Prince left London on the 11th ult. and arrived at Bombay on the 7th November, travelling thence through the Western Ghats to Puna and Mahabaleswar. is also understood that his Royal Highness will make an excursion, if possible, to Ahmedabad. Returning to Bombay, steamer will probably be taken about the 19th of November, arriving about the 23rd at Bepur, a port on the western coast of the Madras Presidency, and terminus of the Madras Railway. Midway between Bombay and Bepur the Portuguese possessions of Goa will be passed. Proceeding by rail to Coimbator, a visit may be paid about the 3rd December to the Maharajah of Mysore, at Bangalor, his capital, passing en route the old town of Seringapatam, famous in the annals of English conquest patam, tamous in the annais of Engine conquest in India as the scene of the defeat and death of Tippoo Saib, in 1799. The Madras Railway will be then again followed, rid Tripatur, to Madras, the seat of government for the Presidency, which will be reached probably on the 6th December. Leaving Madras on the 8th, and travelling thence southwards—viâ Chinglepat, Trichinapalli (leaving the French possessions of Pondicherry and Karikal on the left), Madura, and Tutukudi—

cursion to Kandi, returning to Colombo, steamer, it is thought, will be taken to Trincomali, on the eastern coast, where the Prince is expected to go elephant hunting, and steamer will be taken on or about the 17th December, for the last time before leaving India. Calcutta will be reached about Christmas, and the reception here will, no doubt, be worthy of the capital of our Indian Empire. After festivities, the journey will, it is proposed, be continued along the East Indian Railway, which skirts the southern bank of the sacred Ganges, to Benares (about 4th January, 1876), passing through Bardwan, Lakhmisarai, Patna (all in the Lower Provinces), Benares (in the North West Provinces), and Faizabad, to the North West Provinces), and Faizabad, to Lucknow, the capital of the province of Oudh. Thence through Cawnpur (the scene of the massacre during the mutiny), Agra (in the North West Provinces), Dehli, Ambala, and Amritsar to Lahore, the capital of the Panjab, which will probably be reached about the 21st January. A visit will thus he reads a statement and the statement of the production of the productio visit will then be made northwards about the 23th to be Maharajah of Kashnir at Jamu, just beyond the Panjab borders; this town being the extent of the outward journey. The return will, we hear, be by the same route to Agra, a visit being paid about the 28th January to Rurki from Saharunpur, en route. From Agra Scindia will be visited about the 3rd February, at Gwalior, and the journey will then be continued to Ajmir, via Bhartpur (the scene of Lord Comberners's victory in 1826, and Jaipur. Returning to Agra on the 5th, the railway will be used to Bareli, the capital of the North West Provinces. About a fortnight may here be devoted to shooting excursions in the Himalayan districts. From Bareli to Lucknow, and thence to Allahabad, at the junction of the Ganges and Jamna Rivers, and then about the 29th February, travelling southwesterly, Bandalkand, the eastern portion of the Indor Agency, will be passed through by rail to Jabalpur, in the Central Provinces; thence by Hoshangabad to Khandwa, which will be reached probably about the 9th March. A detour will then be made about the 10th to Indor, the seat of Holkar, who with Scindia are the two great Princes of Central India. From Khandiva, on the 11th, the railway will be followed to the junction station of Bhosawal, whence the Naggan, where the Nizam of Haidarabad is expected to meet the Prince. Haidarabad, the capital of the Nizam's dominion, about 230 miles to the south of Nachengaon. Returning to Bhosawal, a visit may be paid to Ellora, famous for the remarkable excavations known as the Translesse. markable excavations known as the Temples of markable excavations known as the Temples of Ellora, supposed to be about one thousand years old. Retracting the route to the main line of railway, and passing Nasik and Kalian, Bombay will appear in view with the celebrated Island of Elephanta, with its ruins, in the distance. The departure for England will be made thence about the 15th March, 1876. The outward and the return journeys are clearly shown on the Map by the thick lines and arrows.

#### CANADIAN COMMISSION OF THE INTER-NATIONAL EXHIBITION OF 1876.

HON. LUC LETELLIER DE ST. JUST.

This type of the French gentleman, courteous and modest, is Government leader in the Senate. He was born at River Ouelle, on the 12th May, 1820, and educated at Ste. Anne College. He is a Notary by profession, but entered political life at an early age. He was member of the Executive Council and Minister of Agriculture for Canada from May 1863 to March 1864. He sat for Kannouraska in the Canadian Assembly, during the Session of 1851, and represented the Division of Granville in the Lower Canadian Assembly from May 1860 until the Union, when he we called to the Senate for that Division by Royal Proclamation. He was sworn of the Privy Council and appointed Minister of Agriculture, on the 7th November, 1873. When the Canadian Commission was appointed for the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition, he was, of course, appointed ex-officio Chairman.

#### HON. EDWARD GOFF PENNY.

This gentleman was born at Hornsey, England, in May, 1820. His education was received in his native country and he came to Canada in 1844. Six years later he was called to the Bar of Lower Canada. Senator Penny was for many years proprietor and editor-in-chief of the Montreal Herald, and he still holds the latter position on the same journal. As a writer, he is well-informed, fluent and courteous, thus winning for himself a high place in the profession. He was called to the Senate in March 1874, as a just reward for his signal services to his party. As a member of the Canadian Commission representing the Province of Quebec, he will give general satisfaction by his zeal, urbanity and knowledge.

#### HON. ROBERT DUNCAN WILMOT.

The honorable senator was born in Fredericton, N. B., in October 1809, and educated at St. John. He was a member of the Executive Council of his native Province from 1851 to 1854; from 1856 to 1857, and again, in his own Government from 1866 till the Union. He has been Surveyor General, Provincial Secretary, and was delegate to the Colonial Conference for the Union of the British American Colonies, at London, in 1866-67. He holds a patent of rank and precedence from Her Majesty as an Executive Councillor for New Brunswick. He was called to the Senate by Royal Proclamation in 1867. He represents the Maritime Provinces in the Canadian Commission.

MR. JOSEPH FRANCIS PERRAULT.

This gentleman was born at Quebec in May 1838 and educated at the Seminary there. He studied the agricultural systems of England, Scotland, France, Germany, Italy, Switzerland and Holland in each of those countries, and was for a time a pupil at the Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester, England, and of the Imperial Agricultural School, Grignon, France. He edited L'Agriculturand the Farmer's Journal, monthly periodicals published at Montreal, from 1857 to 1860. In 1861 he founded La Revue Agriculture and the Lower Canada Agriculturist, as the official organs of the Board of Agriculture of Lower Canada, of which he was for some years secretary. He sat in the Legislative Assembly of Canada from 1863 to 1867, as member for the County of Richelieu. Mr. Perrault is the author of several works and pamphlets on his favorite studies, and his appointment to the Secretaryship of the Canadian Commission is a tribute to his fitness. We can testify to his zeal and courtesy, and we are convinced that he will do his best towards making Canada's share in the American Centennial a gratifying success.

#### HUMOUROUS.

"IF Smith undertakes to pull my ears," said Jones, "he will just have his hands full, now." The crowd looked at the man's ears, and thought so, too.

"My landlady," remarked a man, "makes her ten so strong that it breaks the cups."—"And mine, said another, "makes hers so weak it can't run out of the pot."

MEDIUM to the spirit of Samson: "What d'ye want?" Spirit of Samson to medium: "I was wishin' I was alive again just to be a pall-bearer to Guibord's coffin!"

OXFORD University has just issued "the smallest Bible in the world." One as small as a three-cent piece would be too cumbersome for some men to earry around.

A Mississippi planter, who owned many slaves in the bad old days, now boasts that all his "niggers" have turned out well; not one of them has been elected to the Legislature.

"Doctor Jones wants to know if you'd please pay this bill now?" Old gentleman looks over the items, and replies, "Tell Doctor Jones I'll pay him for his medicines, and return his visits."

A well-known physician says that no person should get out of bed as soon as waking—that is to say, we suppose, no man. He should lie there and speculate and theorise while his wife is getting breakfast ready.

A father, fearing an earthquake in the region of his home, sent his two boys to a distant friend's until the peril should be over. A few weeks after the father received this letter from his friend: "Please take your boys home and send down the earthquake."

ONE Scotchman complained to another that he had a ringing in his head. "Do ye ken the reason of that?" asked the worthy crony. "No." "Pil tell ye—it's because it's empty." "And ha'e ye never a ringing in your head?" quoih the other. "No. never." "And do ye ken the reason? Because it's cracked."

"MAISTER," said an old Scotch servant, "whether is't gude manners, when a gentlemen gies ye a glass o' wusky, to tak' a drap or drink aff the haill o't?" The maister having, in homely Scotch phrase, judiciously replied to this poser that the courtesy consisted in imbiling the whole, the man exclaimed, with a sigh of relief: "Then, Gude be thankit, I was mannerly."

A LITTLE five-year-old friend, who was always allowed to choose the prettiest kitten for his pet and playmate, before the other nurslings were drowned, was taken to his mother's sick-room the other morning to see two tiny, new, twin babies. He looked reflectively from one to the other for a minute or two, then poking his chubby finger into the cheek of the plumpest baby, he said, decidedly, "Save this one."

dedly, "Save this one."

A YOUNG gentleman lately attended the circus for the first time, and on the Sunday following was taken by his grandmother to church. He gazed around in some wonderment for a few moments. When the organist began to play he turned to his grandmother and said, "Grandma, will there be a circus, so I can see the lion!" "Why, no. Eddie, this is church." "Well," replied the little fellow, "it's circus music anyway."

A youth was rushing round the corner, saying, "All I want in this world is to lay my hands on him?" He presently came upon a boy weighing about ten pounds more than himself, and rushing at him, he exclaimed. "Did you lick my brother Ben?" "Yes. I did," said the boy, dropping his bundle and spitting on his hands. "Well," continued the other lad, backing slowly away, "he needs a lickin' once a week to teach him to be civil!"

him to be civil!"

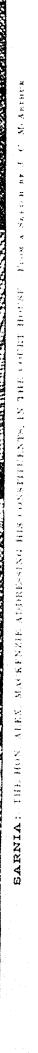
"We knows the public is down on us," remarked the old milkman, as he dipped out the desired quart from one of his big caus, "but the public is mistaken. In the fust place we put in a little water—only a bit, to make up for shrinkage. It goes to the big dealers, and they ain't a bit keerful when they gits to pouring in water. They sells it to the grocers, and they put in chalk with one hand and water with the other, and they are thinking of politics and get in too much. The servant gal goes after milk for the family, drinks a third of it, and she puts in water to make up the measure; and, you see, when the family gets it the taste ain't there, the look ain't there, and they goes for us poor old men who hasn't a dishonest hair in our heads. That's the way, mister—gee up, there, Homer!"

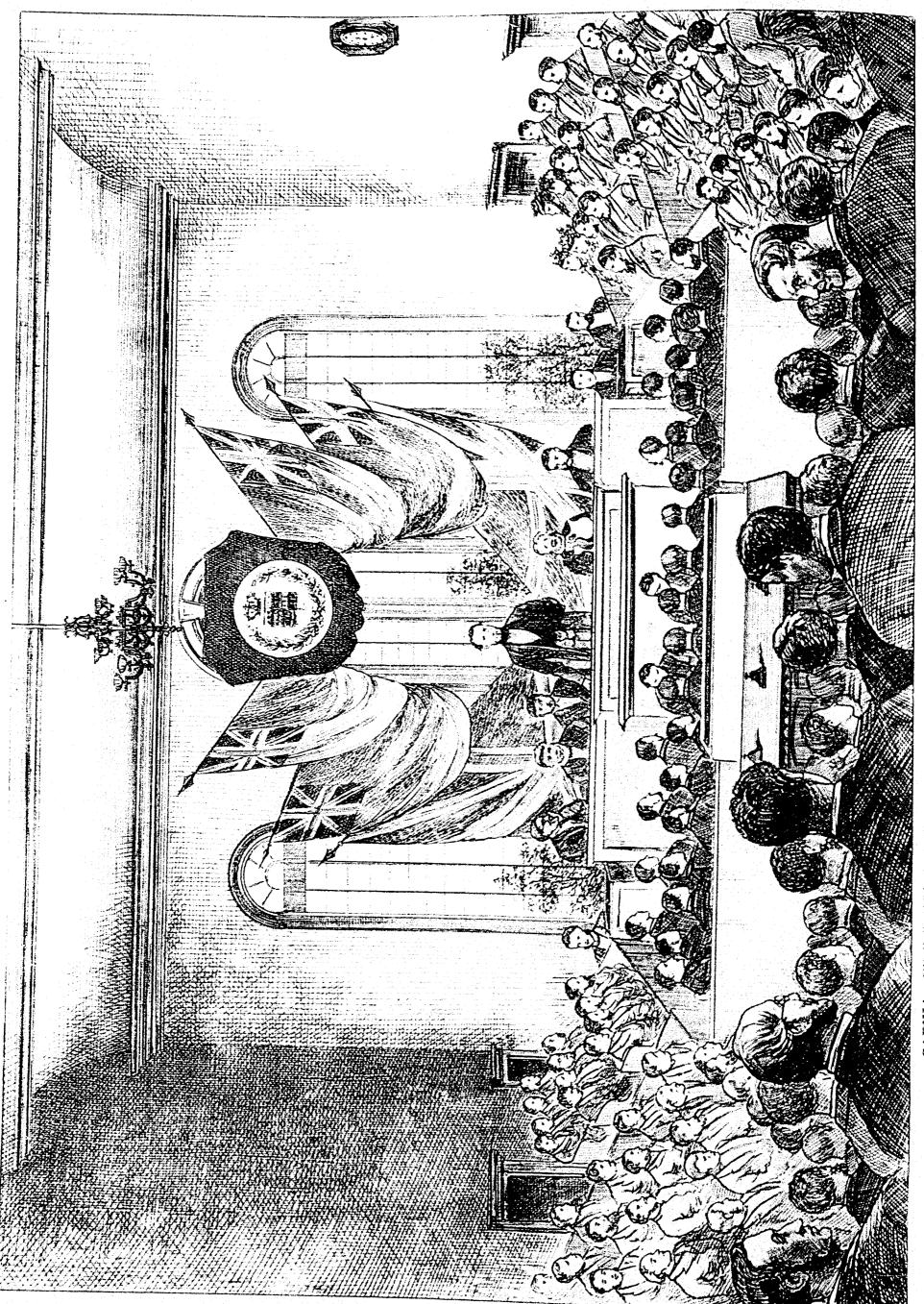
#### DOMESTIC.

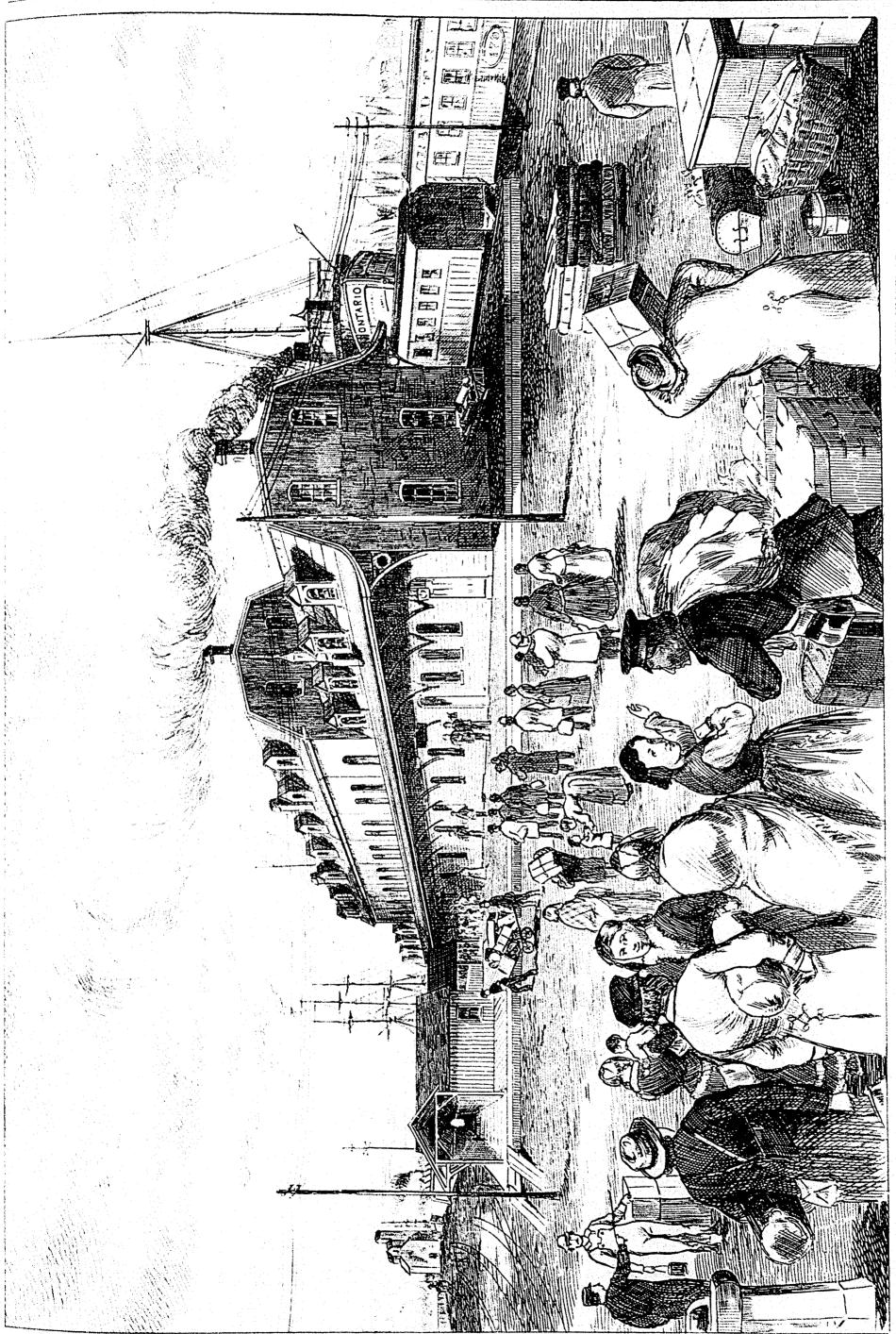
EGG BALLS.—Boil five fresh eggs quite hard, and lay them in cold water to get cold. Take the volks out, and pound them smoothly with the beaten yolk of one fresh egg: put a little cayenne and sait, roll the mixture into very small balls, and boil them for two minutes. Haif a tea-spoonful of flour can be worked up with the eggs.

A GOOD GRAVY.—Chop fine some lean meat, an onion, some slices of carrot and turnip, and a little thyme and parsley: put these with half an onnee of butter into a saucepan, and keep them stirred until they are slightly browned; add a little spice, and water in the proportion of a pint to one pound of meat. Clear the gravy from seum, let it boil half an hour, and then strain it for use.

PEA-SOUP.—After well washing one quart of split peas, soak them for the night, and boil them with a little carbonate of soda in just sufficient water to allow to break to a mash. Then put them to three or four quarts of beef broth, and stew for one hour; then pass the whole through a sieve, and heat again. Season with salt and pepper. One or two small heads of colory, sliced and stewed in it, will be found a great improvement.







SARNIA: -- CELANDERS LEAVING THE RAILWAY STATION AT POINT EDWARD, FOR THE STEAMER ONTARIO, ON THEIR WAY TO THE SHORES OF LARBIANIES OF LARE MANITOBA. -- From a Skepch by J. C. McArthur.

#### WOMAN'S ART.

(In Bologna.)

More than three hundred years ago (Hunt for the place where it tells you so There in your Baedeker), lived and wrought, Here in Bologna, a girl, whose thought, Carved on the stone of a plum, survives The volumed records of a thousand lives.

Yes, you were shown the frieze, you say, But woman!....a cherry-stone might well Hold whatsoever she had to tell!"

Misprized and taunted, the maiden's pride Misprized and taunted, the maiden's pride
Would none of the murble thus denied.
Nor the canvas grudged. Henceforth she wrought
On the kernel of olive and apricot,
Marvels of frost-like carvings—such
As grew under Benevenuto's touch.
Goto the Casa Grassi: see
The scene of the Passion on Cavalry:
Mark, as you may, the sacred head,
And the Godlike look o'er the features shed.
And honor the art that skilled to trace
Such miracles scarce in an inch's space.

Now puzzle the guide by asking where Are the wonderful frescoes, vast and rare, of her neighbor, the jealous artist, who Flung her his scorn . . . . . Just so! I knew His name would be strange to the Bolognese , —Did ever it reach us over the seas?

Yet woman is weak for Art, you prove,
Since her genius works in a narrow groove;
But if, as the crucial test appears,
It ever outlives three hundred years,
Better thus work than chafe or starve.
—Give her the plum-stone and let her carve!

MARGARET J. PRESTON. Yet woman is weak for Art, you prove,

#### PECCADILLE.

OR, THE THREE DIPLOMATISTS.

(FROM THE FRENCH.)

The following charming story, so characteristically French, is taken from a translation in Appleton's Journal.

It was after the events of 1830. The leading question of the day was to persuade Austria to accept the Revolution of July, and the change of dynasty. To conduct this difficult negotiation, the government had chosen Marshal Maison, a brave old soldier of the empire, but more used to the tactics of war than to those of diplomacy and politics. The marshal accepted reluctantly the post confided to him, and, before his departure, lie turned his steps toward the hotel Prince Talleyrand, in order to receive from the Machiavel of the Rue St.-Florentin, his last se-

When the marshal was announced, the prince was at work in his library. When he heard the name of his visitor, his sly little face assumed an expression of malicious glee, like that which is visible on the features of a naughty child when he sees a chance of tormenting a deg or a bird.

He hastened to change his dressing-gown of wadded brown silk for a more appropriate garb, and he then limped to the salon where the marshal awaited him. The latter was standing, clad in the uniform of his grade. His stern, manly face framed in long, white hair, gave him, in spite of his rather ordinary aspect, an appearance of simple, rough dignity.

The prince opened the conversation. It was at first unimportant, as are all conversations. The marshal tried to lead the talk gradually toward politics, but then the prince instantly changed the subject. The marshal's efforts to accomplish the aim of his visit were utterly vain. The more serious he was, the more frivolous became his adversary. There was a sort of struggle between them, a struggle in which, as may be imagined, M. de Talleyrand had all the advantage. If the marshal attempted to speak of alliances to conclude, or of treaties to sign, the prince talked of the corps de ballet of the opera, or of other things of the same diplomatic

importance.

"How shall I open the question with M. de Metterzich?" said the marshal, at last, out of patience.

"Come and see my cabinet of Chinese curiosities," answered Talleyrand, coolly.

The prince had really a very fine collection.

Poor marshall he was obliged to endure all the pagodas, to admire all the teapots, and go before all the screens. Tailevrand watched maliciously the ill-disguised impatience of the old soldier, who silently but heartily cursed all the lacquered waiters and mandarins

past, present, and to come!
"That is all," said the prince. "At last! Heaven be praised!" thought the marshal, and his face beamed with satisfac-

Talleyrand saw this gleam of joy, and he hast-

ened to add:

"Ah! I think that I have forgotten the most curious thing in my collection, the right slipper of the Princess Fo-Aio, the daughter of the Emperor Ton-Kang. I forgot also the little sailing vessel, which is an exact model in miniature of those that navigate the Yellow

And Talleyrand related the history of the slipper, and then entered into a long dissertation upon the progress of navigation in China. The marshal, who could no longer restrain his impatience, fidgeted nervously frem one leg to the

"You are tired," said the prince, bringing forward a chair. "Will you not take a seat?" At this the marshal lost all patience.
"Sacreblue!" he cried; "for more than an

hour you have been telling me stories that do not concern me, and showing me toys that I despise! And whenever I try to talk of my mission you instantly beat a retreat. Do you know that I strongly suspect you, M. le Prince, of making a fool of me?"

These words were uttered still more energet-

ically than we have written them.

"Your mission!" replied Talleyrand, calmly.

"Ah! of course, my dear marshal, let us talk

of it. Why did you not mention it sooner?
"How sooner? For more than an hour— "I did not understand. I was afraid of boring you by talking business. What I did was for your sake, for you know that business is my element. You were about to remark-"

"That I am about to leave for Austria, and

Austria - a fine country ! a very fine country!"
"And that in Vienna—"
harming e

"Vienna, a charming city! I am confident that you will like it!"

I will see M. de Metternich-' "An excellent fellow, though perhaps a little ceremonious. We led a very joyous life

together. That reminds me of an adventure—"
"Allow me to observe, M. le Prince, that we are talking of my mission."
"Well"

Well. "What I am to say to M. de Metternich ?"

"What you are to say to him?"
"Yes."

"I really do not know."

"What! you do not know?"
"I had not reflected when I told you that. You will say to him-

"Only one word?"
"And that is -?"
"Peccadille!"

" Peccadille?"
" Yes."

" Permit me to take my leave of you, M. le Prince," said the marshal, perfectly beside himself, taking up his hat and going toward the door as he spoke.

"I wish you a pleasant journey. Above all, do not forget to say 'Peccadille' to Metternich, and to say it from me."

The marshal departed in a tremendous rage, and Prince Talleyrand returned to his library,

rubbing his hands gayly.

Arrived in the Austrian capital, the French envoy was extremely well received; he was loaded with all sorts of attentions, and entertainments without end were given to him, but of any interview with the minister there was not the slightest question. More than once already he had solicited an audience, and his request had always been

refused under one pretext or another.

The old marshal cursed diplomacy, and loaded it with all the insulting epithets of which he had made a rich collection in the course of his military career. Driven out of all patience by these delays, he solicited an audience in such a pressing manner that it was at last accorded to him. The day was fixed as well as the hour.

"At last," thought the marshal, "I shall be able to explain myself."

At the moment he entered the minister's

cabinet, Prince Metternich was in the act of crushing a dispatch between his fingers. On seeing the marshal enter, he glanced at the clock,

and said:
"Marshal, I regret deeply that I am able to give you but very little time. His Majesty the Emperor has sent me an order which summons me to him in a few moments: I can only devote half an hour to you to-day. Another time I may be more fortunate."

A great many things can be said in half ar thought the marshal.

A gre t many things may be said in half an hour, it is true, and, above all, a great many things foreign to the subject under discussion. Talleyrand had already proved that to the marshal, and Metternich proved it to him anew. It was impossible for him to introduce a single word of politics during the thirty minutes that

the interview lasted.
"I am obliged to leave you, sir," said the minister; "the half-hour is past."

"The die is cast," thought the marshal; "I have nothing more to do but to return to

a thought struck him. M. Metternich was on the point of leaving the room

" I have a message for you from M. de Talley-

"What is it !"

The marshal hesitated.
"What is it?" repeated the minister.
"Peccadille," said the marshal, in desper-

At these words, M. de Metternich let go the door-knob, which he had already grasped, and quickly retraced his steps.

"Peccadille, did you say?"

"Yes, M. le Prince, from M. de Talleyrand.

"Oh, then that is very different. Why did you not say so before? To-day it is impossible

for me to remain with you, because, as I have already told you, the Emperor is waiting for me, but to-morrow I will receive you, and we will converse long and seriously, and believe me, sir, l will do all that is in my power to aid the success of your negotiation."

The marshal remained utterly bewildered by

the mysterious effect of the name he had pronounced.

That evening there was a ball at the Court. M. de Metternieh approached the marshal, humming, as he did so, an old opera air :

" Peccadille,
Si gentille," etc.

He seemed in high good-humour, and conversed for a long time with the French envoy. The next day the promised interview took place. Shortly afterward the marshal returned to France, having accomplished his mission in the most satisfactory manner possible.

It now only remains to us to solve this riddle, which is what we are about to do.

In 1814, three statesmen, namely, MM. de Talleyrand, de Metternich, and de Nesselrode, were met together in Paris, and were engaged in settling the grave questions which had arisen out of the fall of Napoleon and the entrance of the allied powers into France.

Those grave interests took up nearly all their time, and yet they occasionally found means to

escape from the preoccupations of diplomacy, saying among each other, "Let us put off serious

matters till to-morrow."

One day the three diplomats were assembled at a gay dinner. Toward the end of the repast, they dismissed the servants in order to talk more freely; and certainly no one could have recognized in the jolly comrades, saying merrily all the foolish things that were inspired by the fumes of wine, the grave men who, that very morning, had been occupied by the affairs of a part of the world.

The conversation, after roving from one frivolous subject to another, finally turned upon women.

"Oh," said Prince Talleyrand, "I know a marvel of beauty to whom nothing is compar-

able."
"I," said M. de Metternich, "know a woman

who is fairer than the fairest!"

"And I," said M. de Nesselrode, the envoy of Russia, "can cite a person who certainly has no rivel!"

"There exist apparently three incomparable beauties," then said M. de Talleyrand, who had spoken first; "but I do not doubt that mine is

spoken first; the handsomest of the three.' "No; it is mine.

"No; it is mine."
"No; mine."
"It is easy to see that you do not know the person of whom I speak."
"Nor you the one whom I mean."
"It was had seen mine, you would not talk

"If you had seen mine, you would not talk so enthusiastically of the beauty of the others." Thus commenced, the conversation gradually grew animated, and finally degenerated into a quarrel.

"We are absurd, gentlemen," said at length M. de Talleyrand; "there is a very simple means of solving the difficulty: let us bring these three mysterious beautics together."

"An excellent idea, but difficult of execution."

"Not in the least. This is opera-night; I offer you my box. Each of us will write to his goddess, and, when the three are met together there, we will arrive."
"Bravo!"

Talleyrand rang, and sent for pen, ink, and paper. Each of the men wrote a note and gave it to a footman, ordering him to take a circuitous route when he left the hotel, in order to baffle the curious in case he was followed.

Another hour passed, and then the three guests

set off for the opera.

Arrived at the door of the box, M. de Talleyrand motioned to M. de Metternich to enter first, who in turn went through the same ceremony with M. de Nesselrode. Each of them repeated:
"After you, sir."

"M. le Prince, I could not think of it."

At last, Prince Metternich entered. In an arm-chair at the front of the box sat a solitary lady, but one, we must say, of the most

dazzling beauty. "What does this pleasantry mean sir?" asked M. de Metternich, brusquely, of Prince Talleyrand, who followed him.

"I was about to ask you the same question," said at the same time, M. de Nessel-

"And I was about to address it to you, gen-

tlemen," replied Talleyrand.
"Why did you send off my note only?"
"It was mine."

"Frankly, gentlemen, I do not understand the situation. "Here is the explanation," then said the fair

unknown; and, drawing from her glove three little folded papers, she presented one to each of the thre statesmen.

All the notes bore the same address

That address was "Peccadille."

When MM. de Metternich and de Nesselrode were about to leave France, they met for a last conference with Prince Talleyrand.

"We are about to separate," said the latter "Do you not think that it would be as well to establish a means of understanding each other from afar as we do when we are together?"

"We can write."

"A letter may be lost, and that is compromis-

ing."
"We might establish a correspondence in

'That has the same drawback. There are keys

to all known ciphers." "Let us invent a new alphabet."

"That is not much more certain."
"Then what can we do!"

"Might we not, as is the custom during war, fix upon a common watchword, and accord all credit to the envoy who shall repeat to any one of us this word from one of the

"Let us choose a word, then. But what shall it be?"

"Let us see."

"Patriotism?"
"Bad."

"Fraternity?"

" Loyalty

"Impossible." "Then what can we take?"

"A proper name would be best."
"Very well, then, let it be a proper name-

but there are so many. Could not a mistake arise

through a lapse of memory?"

"I have it, gentlemen — I have it!" said Prince Talleyrand, at that moment. "I will give you a name which neither of us three will ever forget, I am certain."

"What name is that?"

"Programment"

" PECCADILLE!

#### MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

Mr. DUTTON COOK has resigned the post of dramatic critic of the *Poll Mall Gazette*, which he has held since 1867, and has transferred his services to the *World*.

It is said that a son of Mr. Sims Reeves will shortly make his first appearance as a tenor vocalist. Mr. Sims Reeves has another son with, it is said, an excellent

OLE BULL, has been giving concerts in Stock-holm recently. The "Paganini of the North," as he is called, will make a farewell tour in Europe shortly, with Signor Bach as planist.

THE Paris journals state that Signor Rossi has resolved to pay the £2,000 forfeit to the Americans and to remain in Paris. To this end he is in treaty for the Salle Ventadour for five months.

Weber, of New York, offered the managers of Von Bülow 10,000 dols, if they would use his piano; he was outbid by Steinway, who offered 12,000 dols,; but Chickering offered 20,000 dols,, and thus secured the contract

THE Italian opera season at Vienna will commence earlier this year than usual, and will last two months. The manager has collected an excellent company, in which the names of Mesdames Patti, Lucca, MM. Capoul, Nicolini, and Faure appear. The Viscountess Vigier (the charming Cruvelli)

is said to have become able to sing as a male tenor, and those who do not see the singer would never believe that it was a female voice. The visitors to Nice will have a charm the more—a rarity found—a beautiful tenor. A committee has been formed at Florence for the purpose of celebrating, next May, the centenary of Cristofori, the inventor of the piano. The principal feature of the celebrations will be international concerts on a large scale. The Abbé Liszt has promised to play

THERE has just been an "international choral competition" at Brussels. The first prize went to France, won by the orphéon of Valencienues; the second to a Belgian society; the third to a German mannergesangverein: and the fourth to a Dutch liedertafel.

M. GOUNOD, the composer, whilst leaving the house of a friend, M. Commettant, with a bundle of manuscripts under his arm, slipped, and on reaching the last step fell heavily. When raised he was found to be unconscious; but his injuries only consist of his right arm being broken.

FRANCISQUE SARCEY having warmly praised certain points in La Dame aux Camélias of Mademoi-selle Tallandiera, the grateful actress sent him a diamond ring, which the great critic sent back at once, accompanying the returned offering with a very stern and severe letter.

M. THEODORE DE LAJARTE, a gentlemen employed in the archives of the Grand Opera, Paris, is preparing for publication an annotated catalogue of the musical library of that institution. The catalogue will form no less than five duodecimo volumes, the first of which is expected to appear early in the winter. MLLE. TITIENS is said to be obliged to under take manual labor on the days when she is about to as sume a new role in order to dispel her nervousness. Cleaning a chandelier or weeding a flower-bed has been known to produce the required result, but there is nothing like beating a manager or shaking up a critic.

THE Government of Spain has opened a com THE GOVETHMENT of Spain has opened a competition for a national air; the one selected is to be adopted by the State and all the regiments of Alfonso XII. Hitherto the bands have played by turns the hymnof Riego, of Espairero, Prim, Pierrard. &c., but none of them is considered suitable to the present order

EDWIN FORREST'S desire to found the "Edwin EDWIN FORKEST SURSHE to JOHNS SING.
Forrest Home," at Springbrook, near Philadelphin, for which purpose he left the bulk of his fortune, will probably be carried into effect soon, all obstacles having been amount by the settlement of the right of dower which removed by the settlement of the right of dower Mrs. Sinclair claimed in the estate.

ONE of the tableaux of the Voyage dans la ONE of the tableaux of the Vollage dans la Lune, which will be brought out at the Gaité at the end of the month, represents a lunar landscape, after photo-graphs of the satellite from the earth, which are exhibited in the promenade room of the theatre. This scene, cal-led "Fifty degrees below zero," is the work of M. Cheret, and is said to be marvellously beautiful.

RESPECTING the production of "Queen Mary" in London, difficulties have arisen. Miss Bateman, who was to personate the Queen, objects to many of the lines, and much of the sentiment put into the mouth of Mary, and positively refuses to make that speech which tells the audience Mary is about to become a mother. Mr. Tennyson, knowing nothing about stage "business." the "effects" of stage language, or the demands of audiences, refuses to "cut" his drama. It is said now that the play will not be produced in England, owing to the the play will not be produced in England, owing to the poet's unwillingness to change the drama to suit actors, and the impossibility of playing it as originally written.

#### (For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

FALLING LEAVES. Bear with us a while if, setting aside deep anxious questions of philosophy, literature and polity, we consecrate a few moments to musing on the impressive glories of the departing year. There is food for thought even in poetic reveries. There is a worship in the contemplation of the

Almighty's wisdom during the revolving sea-

Gentle reader! lover of the beautiful! admirer of the works of Nature! come to the brown field, come to the bleak, desolate wood and learn a lesson which urban sages cannot teach, which else you may never learn from cabinet lore. Fear not to pass for sentimental. None but the cynic or the epicure is divested of sentiment. Those who affect to laugh have such amiable weaknes. ses en temps et lieu. There is some soft spot in The nil admirari school is hypoevery heart. The nil admirari school is hypo-critical and has no real existence. Old Sam Johnson pretended to love the shadow of Fleet street more than the cool green lanes of the country, yet see how eloquently he describes rural scenery in his Rasselas. It is said that Pope did not appreciate a natural landscape, yet he wrote sweet eclogues, and laid out his Twickenham villa with a gardener's taste. Byron took the Lakers to task for their pastoral pathos, their devotion to Nature, but who has sung better than Childe Harold the elemental grandeur of ocean,

Alpine storm and tempestuous night, or the sympathetic beauty of field, forest and fell! A few weeks ago we mused together on Summer-tide and listened to the multidudinous harmonies of Summer music. Then the meadows and the forest were gay and green. The waters flow-ed clear and abundant in their channels, the harvests bowed in their fulness, sweet flowers scented the air, ripe fruits hung from the trees, bird and butterfly enlivened the landscape with their colors and their song. But now, all is changed. The law of decline and death is forci-

bly taught.
"Debemur morti nos nostraque!"

Where all was pleasant noise, now is silence where all was various colouring, now is dark uniformity; where all was growth and profusion, now all is decay and bleakness. Athwart the favorite woodland where we roamed, the winds blow chill-the lirds are hushed-and from the trees the dry yellow leaves are falling, falling! Some fall in a lonely look, some on the deeprutted wagon road where they are trampled down by the ponderous wheel or the beating hoof; others fall on the tranquil waters which they cover as a mosaic, while others are rudely driven by the shifting winds in eddies over the cold ground. And the sky is ashy grey—small flakes of snow are hovering in the air—the faint infrequent cry of belated birds strikes the listener like a warning-over head dry branches rattle like broken spears, and under our feet the crackling of crisp leaves makes us start with unconscious dread.

Oh! wreck of the forest! Image of existence. We weep to view your widowhood, beautiful trees, for it reminds us that like you we must fade and lose, sooner or later, our health, our wealth and our station. As I lean upon the grey trunk of this hoary elm, and see its red and saffron leaof this noary eim, and see its red and safron leaves falling around me, memory goes back to the days of my spring, to the golden days of summer. One by one I have seen them bloom and droop and die, the loved ones of my heart—till I remain forlorn in the solitude of this wood and foll with all the bitter anguish of horses. feel with all the bitter anguish of hopeless love what it is to be alone in the world. Alone! They who have parents, kind brothers, amiable sisters, a warm fireside and roseate hopes, can never understand the crushing blight of that dereliction which deprives one of all that makes life tolerable—of all—even of her who was our last prop, our last consolation in the inevitable sorrows of this world. Alas!

Prayer was vain for death to leave her, prayer that God would stay the fever.

Night and morn we both besought Him to remove the hectic bloom;

Spring-tide gave the fatal blooming, summer found the bud consuming.

And God took her in the autumn and the red leaves strew hertomb.

The last leaf falls from the elm, the last loved one passes from earth and it is very dark. Yet we may not weep as they who have no trust. There is a comfort for every woe,—a ray of hope amidst the gloom of every despondency. The falling leaves form the fertile mould out of which the spring flowers and the suppose normal committee. the spring flowers and the summer corn will grow, and our sorrows and our heart-aches will yet turn to fountains of unmixed gladness in the days that are eternal.

#### FOOT NOTES.

THE French Assembly has voted 2,600,000 france for the re ments in France.

A MOVEMENT is made in England to reform the traditional civic robes that now make every state ceremony more or less ridiculous. The wearers desire robes suited to modern times.

THE soundings for the submarine tunnel between England and France are being carried on actively. They are at this moment directed to the part of the straits near the English coast, at a few miles from the shore. Each evening the vessel which sarries the commissioner returns to vessei which sarries the commissioner returns to Dover, Calais or Boulogne, and work is recommenced the next day. The engineers charged with the labor are perfectly satisfied with the results obtained. So far, nothing has occurred to destroy their assumptions relative to the doubt.

#### THE FLANEUR.

The Canadian Illustrated News was spread out on the drawing room table, as it should always be. The lamps were lighted and the children were looking at the pictures. They came to Guibord's stone coffin represented as now lying in Reid's marble yard.

"What's this they call it?" asked the young-

est.
"A sarcophagus," said Minnie, her sweet lips putting the accent on the penultimate with delicious incorrection.

"No, its a mausoleum," said Fanny, emphasizing the antepenult with a beautiful diregard of

"Well, I don't know what you girls may call it," said Frank, who is a commercial clerk, "but I should say it was a pretty safe arrangement."

Thomas Workman and Thomas White were the two candidates at the late election for Montreal West. A gentleman who presented himself at the Canning Street polling booth was was about checking his ballot, when a Workman canvasser made for him with the peculiar persuasive familiarity which is characteristic of the tribe.

"You vote for our candidate, of course, Mr.

Blank," winking the right eye.
"Oh! yes, T. W. is my man," winking the

left eye.
"That's right, that's right. Hallo there! (to reporter who had just come up for reliable news) that's one more for Tom Workman."

The elector had voted for Tom White.

To a grumbler who complained that the Montreal papers were heavy reading a reporter demurred and stated that at least two of our journals furnished light literature.

The Star and the Sun.

There was considerable cross voting at the late election in this city.

It turns out now that the Tanneries Scandal was no scandal at all, but a perfectly legal transaction. In giving his decision, however, the learned judge admitted that there was a "nebulous" aspect of the case. If he had said a nibbleous aspect, he would have been nearer the mark.

Jones says he won't wear rubbers this winter. For why? He has foresworn liquor and cards.

The Indians say that early torpor among frogs and some other quadrupeds is a sign of a severe winter. If the same rule applies to bipeds, we fear the winter will be severe indeed.

A mason is a workman, but a workman is not necessarily a mason. The French electors of Montreal have been taught this distinction. They voted for a Workman and wouldn't vote for a

#### HEARTH AND HOME.

TRUE RELIGION .- The beauty of a religious life is one of its greatest recommendations. What does it profess? Peace in mankind. It teaches us those arts which will contribute to our present comfort as well as our future happiness. Its greatest ornament is charity; it inculcates nothing but love, and sympathy, and affection; it breathes nothing but the purest spirit of delight, and, in short, is a system perfectly cal-culated to benefit the heart, improve the mind, enlighten the understanding.

METHOD.—We are in danger of ruining our promising plans, in themselves very good, by the habit of putting off till to-morrow what may be done to-day. "That letter may be answered to-morrow; that request of my friend may be to-morrow; that request of my mena may attended to to-morrow, and he will be no loser." True, but you are the loser; for the yielding to one such temptation is the signal for the yielding to the enemy. "That up of the whole citadel to the enemy. up of the whole citadel to the enemy. "That note and that valuable fact may be recorded in my common-place book to-morrow." True, but every such indulgence is a heavy loss to you. Every hour should be perseveringly filled up.

THE SECRET OF THE SOCIAL QUEENS. - A singular influence is possessed by some women. We have always found that they were women who looked up to themselves-not necessarily brilliant persons, not necessarily witty, but original—of course a person is original who takes great pains to form his or her convictions—and then as most women are sympathetic, this combination of originality and sympathy makes them the most charming companions—more charming, of course, than men of the like selfrespecting nature, because such men may not be etic, whereas the women are nearly sure to be so.

STUDY .- Any man who is really anxious to study can do so infinitely better by himself, with the help of books, than he can possibly do by attending any lectures that may be delivered. It is hardly possible for any man, unless he attends a long course of lectures—which a thousand unforeseen accidents may prevent him from being able to do—to study in that manner any subject systematically and consecutively; and, moreover, inasmuch as the lecturer has to address himself to a very large number at once, and of different capacities, he must address himself in such a manner at to be understood by all. But a man who studies and reads for himself can pick out for his reading that class of information which

FOR THE SAKE OF THE CHILDREN .-- How many plans are formed, labours endured, sacrifices made "for the sake of the children"! Families change their residences; parents in middle life their habits; fathers strain their powers, and mothers deny themselves. There is one form in which the most valuable of all services may be Give them education. They may lose money, real estate may get out of their hands, but a trained mind goes through life, cannot be stolen, and is not convertible. Buy them books rather and is not convertible. Buy them books rather than delicacies, sweet-meats and costly toys. Give them good, attractive reading, adapted to memory, taste, and fancy. See that it is pure. Habituate them to find pleasure in reading and in talking of what they read, rather than of persons. Make home happy to them in this way, and let them become informed, companionable, and abundant in resources of pleasure and entertainment. Good schools, good books, and tertainment. Good schools, good books, and general reading matter—get them these, if they have to do without other things; and, to secure a right direction to educated minds, give them by word and example good principles. Let them grow up with the idea that it is not needful to be rich, famous, or influential, but that it is essential to do what is right.

HINTS ON FEMALE EDUCATION. The minds of children are similar to wax, easily taking every impression. Endeavour, therefore, to imprint a good choice of images on their minds, while the characters are easily formed, and when no bad impressions have yet been made. Begin early to teach children patience, and docility, otherwise they will become violent and impetuous. Be as indulgent to them as possible; be not irritated by their faults, but pity their weakness. Suffer them to be gay and familiar before you, that you may know their real dispositions. Do not give them a distaste for religion by being too rigid but rather describe it as it really is, beautiful, just, and amiable. It is necessary to be strict with some children, but never employ severity, unless on urgent necessity; otherwise you will break their spirit, irritate them if they are violent, or render them stupid if they are meek. Children are always irritating. This disposition produces infinite mischief when they are nurtured by persons of unamiable character, but is some times productive of great advantage, as they may attain excellence from proper models. Most children are fond of ridicule; you should be careful therefore to repress this disposition.

#### OCTAVE FEUILLET.

Thackeray asserted that it required two years to produce a good novel; M. Feuillet asks for double that time, and his merit in this is all the greater as he is a rapid thinker and writer, could if he pleased turn out his two novels and could it he pleased turn out his two hovels a year like Mdme. George Sand, or his half-dozen like the late Alexandre Dumas. But he is a conscientious worker, and his method might be commended to many who practise literary composition as a pot-boiling science. M. Feuillet first gets the "idea" of his novel in mind and then reflects over it for a twelvemonth. During this time he mentally conceives his characters, draws descriptions of them as if he were sketching living personages, and takes notes of psychological peculiarities, eccentricities, witticisms, &c., which he may meet with or hear of in society, all with a view to introducing them in his book. After a year of this gestation he takes up the pen; and writing from a full mind, dashes off the novel from the first line to the last without even glancing over the sheets which he throws belind him. Such as it then is the novel would be gratefully accepted by many a publisher who would see in it nothing to alter but M. Feuillet regards this first draft as merely a rough sketch, and, having collected his chapters, he locks them up in a desk for three months, so as to be able to revise them with a freshened mind. He then goes over the whole work chapter by chapter, lopping dialogues, filling up outlines of character, putting in descriptions of scenery, and, in fact, painting the backgrounds of his scenes. This done, he recopies the work, and then-here we venture to submit he does wrong -reads it in private committee to friends whos judgments he accepts with rather too much deference in the matter of suppressions or additions. After this the novel goes to the printer's and again the proofs undergo such a searching ordeal of revision that sometimes—as in the case of the current serial—a year elapses between the delivery of the first slip, and the moment when the author gives the bon à tirer.

#### CAMILLE.

The history of the Dame aux Camélias-that most successful play of the last half century—as recently made public, forms a curious episode in from theatre to theatre in vain, how Adèle Page and Mdlle. Fargueil scornfully refused to create the part of the heroine (the latter remarking. do not know how such creatures behave "), how the censure prohibited it, and the corps drama tique of the Vaudeville scoffed at it, are all facts upon which its now celebrated creator must look back with mingled wonder and amusement. At one of the first rehearsals, when Dumas made some suggestion to Fechter (who created Armand Duval) relating to his acting in the fourth act, the future Hamlet sneeringly remarked, "You need not trouble yourself about the fourth act, for the piece will be hissed off the stage long before that point is reached." The sequel is well known. Twenty-three years have elapsed since he is most capable of assimilating and digesting, the play was first given to the public, and first

created that immense and decided sensation which many Parisian theatre-goers still remember, and its vitality still remains unimpaired. It has been transformed into an operatic libretto, and, by the power and pathos of its situations and incidents, was enabled to carry some of the weakest of Verdi's music into lasting popularity. In some respect it is the best of the many plays of the younger Dumas. It is the sincerest; it bears the imprint of youthful impetuosity and trust-fulness in human nature; it tells a tale of sacri-fice and sorrow and self devotion such as a truehee and sorrow and sen devotion such as a crue-hearted public is wont to listen to with interest and applause. The Demic-Monde is a far more finished and perfect work of art. But La Dame aux Camelias will live on the boards long after the polished cynicism of its late successor has been decently interred on the shelves of a library.

#### LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

Barry Gray, in the N. Y. Home Journal, writes:—Some thirty years ago, Mr. Henry Russell, the musical composer, asked Mr. Sargent to write a song for him, leaving the subject to the author's selection. In a walk on the Battery, at New York, the sight of the vessels in the harbor dashing through the sparkling waters, in the morning sunshine, suggested the "Life on the Ocean Wave," and the poet had finished it in his mind before the walk was completed. Upon showing it to a friend, himself a song writer, his criticism was, that it was "a very fair lyric, but was not a song." I draw from this the conclusion that, though a man may be able to indite clever songs himself, he may not be able to judge correctly of himself, he may not be able to judge correctly of the merit of another's songs. Sargent, somewhat disheartened, put the verses into his pocket, con-cluding that they might do to publish, but not to set to music. A few days after he met Rus-sell at Hewitt's nusic store, and showed him the piece, informing him, at the same time, that it would not do, but that he would try again. "Let us go into the back room and try it on the piano," said Russell. They went. Russell sat down before the instrument, placed the words before him, studied them attentively for a few minutes, humming a measure as he read, then threw his fingers over the keys; tried twice, thrice, and finally exultingly struck out the present melody to which the "Life on the Ocean Wave" is set. He certainly was not more than ten minutes about it, though he gave a day afterward to scoring and writing out the music. The song, as all are aware, became immensely popular, and many thousands were sold before the year was out. In England three different music publishers issued it in various styles. The parodies that have been made on it are almost innumerable.

#### LITERARY.

RENAN is in Italy engaged in writing a novel. MR. AUBREY DE VERE has completed and is reparing for the press a drama on the subject of The Becket, which will be published in the spring.

MR. MURRAY announces "Eight Months at Rome during the Vatican Council." containing a daily account of the proceedings, by Pomponio Leto, translated from the original.

Ir appears that a daily illustrated paper is about to be published in London. It is to be conducted after the style of the New York Daily Graphic and to contain illustrations of the leading events of the day.

MRS. CHARLES, author of the "Schonberg-Cotta Family," has in press a new story, "The Note-Book of the Bertram Family." It is a sort of sequel to her former work, "Winifred Bertram."

JAMES REDPATH has withdrawn from the popular Lyceum Bureau which he started several years ago and has developed into an important business. His health is too much impaired for the active exertions and done if the agency and care of the agency

It is stated that the great work upon which Mr. Gladstone is engaged, and to which he has more than once made allusion, is "The Claims of the Papacy as viewed by the Light of History. His library at Hawarden is said to contain loads of books on this subject.

THE Admiralty have just completed the esta-THE Admiratty have just completed the establishment of seamen's libraries. The libraries contain such works as Trollope's novels, Chamber's Scientific and entertaining works, Alison's Europe, Thackeray's works; the whole of Mayne Reid's and Fenimore Cooper's novels, Murray's various handbooks of the world, &c. The whole number contracted for the first issue was 29,572 volumes, upon which nearly £400 has been spent in extra bindings.

For thirty-six years Mr. Delane has been con-FOR thirty-six years Mr. Delane has been connected with the Times. He was only twenty-two when, in 1839, he became Mr. Barnes's assistant editor, and two years later he became full editor—an instance of youthful precocity as remarkable in its way as Pitt's Premiership at the same age. Mr. Delane, after having broken down once or twice, finds it absolutely necessary to take a lengthy holiday, which, at sixty-one, and after such arduous work as his, he certainly deserves. It is stated that Dr. Dasent will, for a time, take his place.

M. VICTOR HUGO is not, as was announced, engaged on the second part of Quatre Vingt Treize. At present he is correcting the proofs of a poem, Les Quatre Vents de l'Esprit. which is to be his next publication. La Fin de Satan. another poem aunounced a year ago, is also finished, and the fact of Victor Hugo having gone a month to Guernsey to fetch the MS. Of it points to a prompt publication. The poet has not, as was announced, given up his house in Guernsey; Hauteville House remains in his possession, and henceforth he proposes to pass part of the year there.

pass part of the year there.

Mil.Ton's house in Westminster is still standing, although slightly altered. It is situated on York st., and is not many yards from the James Park station of the Underground District Railway. It has been lately occupied by a fishmonger, who placed over his shop front the words: 'The Noted Fried Fish Shop.' William Hazlitt lived in this house for some time, and caused the tablet to Milton's memory to be fixed to the garden front of the house, which now looks toward the Wellington Barracks. In Milton's time the house had a gabled roof similar to two or three other old houses in York st. Subsequently the walls were raised, and the top story now terminates in a square parapet. Milton's garden extended in his time quite up to the Park, and Lord Scudamore was a near neighbor of his, also having a house in York st. in Cromwell's time."





CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, 13TH NOVEMBER, 1875.

# HOODE RIDING D D D D D D D MILLIT

#### THE FIRE AT TRANTER SWEATLEY'S.

A WESSEX BALLAD.

BY THOMAS HARDY,

Author of "Far from the Madding Crowd," "The Hand of Ethelberta," Etc.

They had long met o' Sundays—her'true-love and she—And at junketings. May-poles, and flings;
But she dwelt wi' a crabbed old uncle, and he
Swore by noon and by night that her husband should be
Naibour Sweatley (a man often weak at the kn'e
From taking o' sommat more chee ful than tea),
Who tranted, and moved people's things.

She cried. "O pray, pity me!" naught would be hear: Then with wild rainy eyes she obeyed. She child when her love was for clinking off wi'her; The parson was told, as the season drew near. To throw over pulpit the names of the pair As fitting one flesh to be made.

The wedding-day dawned, and the morning drew on,
The couple stood bridegroom and bride:
The evening was passed, and when midnight had gone
The folks horned out "God Save the King," and anon
To their home the pair gloomily hied.

The lover. Sim Tankens, mourned heart-sick and drear To be thus of his darling deprived;
He reamed in the dark around field, mound, and mere, And a most without knowing it, found himself near The house of the tranter, and now of his dear,
Where the moving lights showed they'd arrived.

The bride sought her chimmer so calm and so pale
That a Northern had thought her resigned;
But to eyes that had seen her in seasons of weal—
Like the white cloud of smoke, the red battlefield's veil—
That look told of hayoc behind.

The bridegroom yet loitered a beaker to drain.

Then recled to the linhay for more;
When the candle-snull kindled the chaff from his grain,
Flames sprout and rush upward wi' might and wi' main,
And round beams, thatch, and chimley-tun roar.

Young Sim in the distance aroused by the light, Through brimbles and underwood tears. Till he comes to the orchet, when slap in his sight, Beneath a bowed codlin-tree trimbling wi' fright. Wi' an old coat she'd found on a scarcerow bedight, His gentle young Barbara appears.

Her form in these cold, mildewed tatters he views, Played about by the frolicsome breeze; Her light-tripping totties, her ten little tooes, All bare and besprinkled wi' fail's chilly dews. While her great frightened eyes, through her ringlets so Shone like stars through a tangle of trees. [loose,

She eyed him; and, as when a weir-hatch is drawn. Her tears, penned by terror before, Wi'a rushing of sobs in a torrent were strawn Till her power to pour 'em seemed wasted and gone From the heft of misfortune she bore.

"O Sim! my own Sim, I must call 'ee—I will!
All the world have turned round on me so!
Can you help her who loved 'ee, though acting so ill!
Can you pity her misery—feel for her still!
When worse than her body so quivering and chill
Is her heart in its winter of woe!

"I think I could almost have borne it," she said,
"Had my griefs one by one come to hand:
But oh, to be slave to an uncle for bread,
And then, upon top o' that, driven to wed,
And then, upon top o' that, burnt out o' bed.
Is more than my natur can stand!"

Sim's soul like a lion within him outsprung (Sim had a great soul when his feelings were wrung)— Feel for 'ee, dear Barbie?" he cried. Then his warm working-jacket about her he flung. Madea back, horsed her up, til behind him she clung: Like a chiel on a gypsy her figure uphung As the two sleeves before him he fied.

Over piggeries, and mixens, and apples, and hay, They stumbled straight into the night; And finding, at length, wherea bridle path lay. In round, kindly spectacles glared every way To gather some clew to the sight.

The old Mis'ess Tankens she searched here and there For some closet—though fearing 'twas sin— Where Barbie could hide, and for clothes she could wear, A task hard enough with a creature so fair. Who, half-scranmed, to death, sat and cried in a chair To think what a stoor she was in.

The loft, up the ladder, seemed safe; and all day
In that hiding she laid her sweet linbs;
But most of the time in a terrible way.
Well knowing that there'd be the piper to pay
When 'twas found that, instead of the element's prey,
She was living in lodgings at Sim's.

"Where's the tranter?" said men and boys;
"Where can be be?"
"Where's the tranter?" said Barbie alone:
"Where's the tranter!" said every bod-y.
They sifted the dust of his perished roof-tree,
And all they could find was a bone!

Then the uncle cried. "Lord, pray have mercy on me And in sorrow began to repent;
But before 'twas complete, and till she was free,
Barbie drew up her loft-ladder, tight turned her key,
(Sim handing in breakfast, and dinner, and tea)
Till the crabbed man gied his consent.

There was skimmity-riding with rout, shout, and flare In Weatherbury, Stokeham, and Windleton, ere They had proof of old Sweatley's decay; The Mellstock and Yalbury folk stood in a stare (The tranter owned houses and garden ground there), But little did Sim or his Barbara care—For he took her to church the next day.

# TWO STRINGS TO ONE BEAU.

A CLERICAL EXPERIENCE.

I am strongly of opinion that I am the sweetest curate who ever wore a white tie; and I have, moreover, reason to believe that my opinion is shared by most of the young ladies and middle-aged spinsters in the District of St. Seraphina's, Tyburnia.

What the married ladies, fathers of families, and city-going young men think, I do not in the least care. I have the most utter scorn for all my own sex, more especially my brother curates and 'literary characters.'

Those last mentioned, I think, ought to be summarily expelled from civilised society. I hold newspapers essentially vulgar, and most books a bore; but I am fond of the flute, lightcoloured kid gloves, and long coats. I think it better to mention these facts at the outset, because

I would really rather that vulgar people did not read my experience—they would not understand it. We should have no sort of sympathy, and I think sympathy is so charming. I have never communicated these particulars to any one except a clergyman; but he was a man of grievously latitudinarian opinions on most subjects. latitudinarian opinions on most subjects. I need scarcely say, therefore, that when I told him the mental anxiety and bodily suffering I had undergone he rudely and complete the latitude. gone, he rudely and coarsely exclaimed, 'Serve

gone, he rudely and coarsely exclaimed, 'Serve you jolly well right.'

But I am anticipating. Let me return to the point whence I set out—that is myself. I am tall, and, I think graceful. My hair curls most satisfactorily, and my hands are pronounced perfect. One young lady asked me if I had ever had them modelled, and I thought the question remarkably graceful and appropriate. I forgot just now to mention that I like rings, and wear as many as my small fingers will allow. My feet as many as my small fingers will allow. My feet correspond with my hands; and I am also, I ought to have stated, exceedingly prone to polished-leather boots. As to whiskers, I vary. My normal condition is what my Broad-Church friend-that is my ground faind for I have out him mal condition is what my Broad-Church friend—that is, my quondam friend, for I have cut him—termed 'shoulder of mutton,' though I never heard of a shoulder of mutton being soft and silky like my favoris. Sometimes, however, I fancy I should look better shaven, and shave accordingly; and once I wore a moustache; but I was taken for a 'writer,' so I have cultivated large whiskers again, and think I shall stick to them. My hair I part down the middle.

St. Seraphina's is not quite so aristocratic as I could wish. I fear most of my parishioners are could wish. I fear most of my parishioners are in business, but they don't live over their shops, so nobody knows it. I would not for the world have my friends know that I preach to shop-keepers. My family is resident at Boulogne. Papa finds foreign soil suit him best, and informs me that London is 'too hot' for him. I find it quite cool in Tyburnia.

I am not a university man. I think universities low. I studied pastoral theology at a London college, and was considered condescending in my visits among the poor. I am thankful to say there are no poor, or free seats, at St. Seraphi-

When first I came to St. Scraphina's, a woman (that is a term I use when I want to express withering contempt—a sort of violent antithesis

to a lady) said to me:
'Mr. Tuft'—I forgot to mention that my name
is Adolphus Tuft—'I mean to marry you out of

The woman was a matron, or I should have screamed for protection. But forewarned forear-med. I avoided that particular house, except when heavy dinners or crowded 'at homes' were on. Very little business is done at assemblies of that kind. I never let her catch me at a garden-party in her back-yard, or at croquet at the Horticultural. There they can getyou into a corner, and you are helpless. I like a 'hop' did I mention at the outset that I waltz like an arch-angel? I don't think I did.

I consider matrimony on the whole vulgar, necessary evil, perhaps, but too common to be exactly good form; and if there is one thing I live for, it is form. I don't mean ritualistic forms. Possibly I should go in for Ritualism, for the sake of the continuous. for the sake of the costumes, if I could intone, but I cannot. Coloured stoles are delicious; and so would copes be if they were 'sloped' a little more in the neck. Banners I object to; they put me in mind of an election or a Foresters' fête at the Crystal Palace.

What I thoroughly enjoy is a cosy flirta on. I hate an outspoken across-table kind of affair where people can hear what you say, and some scribbling fellow is as likely as not to say a smarter thing than you, or cover you with confusion by some loose remark. I like a corner of a crowded room or, better still, a vestry at decoration times, when you have a girl all to yourself, and can talk to her like a Platonic bishop.

I mean no harm—I am as harmless as a child. Girls always say so when they have known me about a month; but the first three weeks they think me charmingly 'dreadful,' especially when the shoulder-of-muttons are well on. The mou-

the shoulder-of-muttons are well on. The moustache was simply fatal.

I write all this in the present tense, because it is the autobiographical result of my experience at St. Scraphina's. What follows is, to adopt Longfellow's expression, the 'aftermath.' Let me merge in the historic, and show how the mild shoulder-of-mutton developed even was in the life. shoulder-of-mutton developed once more into the truculent moustache.

The first girl I had a decided affaire with (I omitted to mention I like French terms when you can avoid plain English) was Adelina Trevelvan. She was a resplendent creature, as tall as myself, and looked like the goddess Diana when she handled a croquet-mallet. (Did I mention that I adore croquet ? I think not.)

Adelina Trevelyan and I had a desperate flirtion down at Wimbledon, when the croquet tournament was on last year. I should live down there during that time, only the firing at the camp is too much for my nerves. We came to pink cream-laid billets-doux in less than no time. We were not exactly 'engaged' at first. I hate the word : it reminds me of a railway course, or a table at a restaurant. It smacks of Acts of Parliament, settlements, and possible Probate and Divorce Courts. We would not use the expression, therefore, in case of breach of promise, but we understood each other remarkably well. I should like to give you an idea of the language of the haut ton under such circumstances. (It's a dreadful avowal to make, but I do it under the seal of confession, mind: I fear Adelina Trevelyan's father was in the oil-and-pickle line. saw the name over a door in St, Gile's once, and

bolted into the nearest hansom.) This is how we

talked:
'I wonder if those dweadful men'—I always lisp when I want to make havoc with female affections—'if those dweadful men who are firing up there ever play at croquet ?'

'I don't know who you mean by dreadful men, Mr. Tuft. If you mean the officers at Wimbledon, let me tell you I don't consider them at all dreadful. I think officers are ducks.'

dreadful. I think officers are ducks.

'Do you weally, though?'
I struck an attitude, leaning on my mallet.
pushing back my wide-awake from my forehead,
and letting my shoulder-of-muttons float upon
the breeze. I look particularly striking in that
poss, and have been photographed in it several times

'It is true they are volunteers, and I prefer regulars. But it's mostly the uniform—'

Ya-as, there's something in that. 'Well, of course there's something in it; but I don't think it matters much what is inside, any more than it does with curates, as long as the vestments are pretty.'

'One for me,' I suggested, as I drove my ball to the final goal.

'Meaning the game,, or remark?' asked Ade-

lina.
'Weally, Miss Trevelyan, you are too sharp.'
Now that is what I call intellectual and improving conversation, combining instruction with amusement, as the Polytechnic bills say. We did a good deal of it in Tyburnia between Monday and Saturday. But here is a higher flight. This is how I always begin when I mean mischief. chief:

'My dear Miss Trevelyan, do you know Mrs. Jones told me that Miss Smith had informed her Mrs. Brown said we were being talked about !'
'Nonsense, Mr. Tuft.'

'Serious sober earnest, Miss Trevelyan.'
(I drop the lisp when things come to this pass.)
Then Adelina Trevelyan pretends to be crying. I know she isn't, but make believe to think she is, soothe her, wipe her eyes, and roila tout-we are talked about.

We were talked about, and not without reason Adelina and I were clandestinely engaged, and I ought in due course of things to have 'seen papa. But I hate papas in general, and loathed Adelina's

in particular.

We used to write one another the sweetest little notes, on pink paper, done up in three-cornered envelopes, like rose-coloured two-penny tarts—an utterly unnecessary proceeding, by the way, because we could see one another whenever way, because we could see one another whenever we liked, and did, as a fact, meet most days in the week. I used to dine and tea out a good deal. That and playing flute and pianoforte duets I called 'visiting in my parish and

doing parochial work.'

By the way, perhaps the common world, having been initiated in Tyburnian talk, would like a fragment of Tyburnian correspondence. In these days, when servents go mad over some old cuneiform characters about the way-bill of Noah's Ark or pastrycook's accounts for Belshazzar's Feast, I cannot but think it would be far more edifying for nineteenth-century London to know what is going on in its midst, or rather in the ethereal regions that lie above its ordinary haunts. I select two billets at random—one of the last I received from Adelina, and the answer I sent. I ought to premise that I was organising a female guild for the diffusion of charity and croquet among the lower classes.

(Copy.)

'Dear Mr. Tuft,--I think your idea charming (Adelina always underlined a good deal. It's a kind of epistolary gush girls are much inclined to.) 'I find the lower orders in my district eat with two-pronged forks, and altogether want civilising. I agree with you, croquet is the missing link. With a croquet-ground in every parish, vulgarity would ranish.—Yours à la mort,

ADELINA.

P.S. We were seen in our walk yesterday. I dread to think what papa will say when he hears of it.'

This was a sly way Adelina had of trying to bring me to book, I knew. She always put it, as the chief subject of her letter, in a post-script; and I invariably pretended not to see it. I responded thus:

' Dearest Adelina.'

(I never minced matters, though aware I laid myself open to an action for breach; but I knew

inyself open to an action for oreach; but I knew the Trevelyans were too thin-skinned ever to imperil their position by bringing one.)

Dearest Adelina,—The croquet shall be organised at once. We have no poor, so must begin with the footmen and ladies' maids. Au revoir. Yours ad mortem.

'DOLLIE.'

I am not quite sure I liked the abbreviation of my name; but she made it, and I felt bound to adopt it. I heard a big military cousin of hers gustawing about it one day. He said Dollie was effeminate for a man, but might suit a curate.
I'd rather be a charity-boy than such a walrus as Cornet Darcy.

Adelina's comparison of me was to a big Newfoundland pup. It was perhaps more playful than polite; but as she seemed to think the simile involved a deal of caressing, I put in no

objection.
This was string No. 1; and for a time all went In was string No. 1; and for a time all went smoothly, merrily as the proverbial marriage bell, and much more so. I prefer Cupid to Hymen inmensaly, and protest against the former being looked upon simply as a prelude to the latter. Let me pass on, then, to string No. 2.

I never had anything to do with war. I hate

guns and trumpets and any thing noisy, so I don't know what mode of strategy I should adopt; but in love, which is more in my line, I reverse the Napoleonic policy of concentrating my batta-lions on a single point. My maxim is Divide et impera. As long as I kept my two strings well apart, everything went on serenely.

Mary Watson was the very female antipodes of Adelina Trevelyan—a nice, cosy, comfortable little girl, whose solicitude about my health first tle girl, whose solicitude about my health first brought her to my notice. I labour under a more or less permanent cold, which is always threatening to develop into an interesting bronchitis, and dear little Mary used to call at my lodgings every day, heedless of Mrs. Grundy, and ask how 'dear Mr. Dollie's cold was.' I had to rebuke the maid-servant continually for sniggling when she brought up the message, but I thought it was very nice and attentive of Mary; and when she said one day, 'I hope, dear Mr. Dollie, you like somebody in the parish besides Miss Trevelyan,' I felt I could not do less than squeeze her plump little hand and say: 'Mary dear, I love you.' dear, I love you.

She opened her two big eyes until they fairly goggled; and, little innocent creature though I had deemed her up to that time, showed how well she had profited by maternal instruction, since she replied, 'Then, Dollie, we are engaged.'

I never was so frightened in my life; but the was no backing out, so I accepted the situation. Let me be perfectly frank. If I had ation. Let me be perfectly Irank. It I nad been going to marry anybody, there was nobody I should have preferred to Mary Watson. Adelina Trevelyan was a splendid creature, but would I am sure, have become expensive. We were walking in an out-of-the-way nook in Kensing ton Gardans so healless of the convenient and ton Gardens, so, heedless of the convenance and the consequences, I kissed her and said, 'We are one, Mary.

Mary had a lot of big awkward brothers, who seemed to me to divide their time between riding to the City on the knifeboards of omnibuses, playing billiards with short pipes in their mouths, and railing at the inferior clergy. 'I say, Jack,' I heard Will Watson exclaim out to Cornet Darcy in the open street, and in evident allusion to a sweet long coat I had just adopted, something between a cassock and a clerical Ulster, why don't those ladylike gentlemen wear cri-

Another time he pointed me out to a little boy in the street as the Shah; and I had to fee the urchin before I could get him to cease following me and staring open-mouthed at my coat-tails. So you see I had to undergo some persecution. It was not all couleur de rose even at St. Seranning's and with two strings to each how.

phina's, and with two strings to one's bow.

It was a blessing that I had no parochial visiting on week-day services. I can't imagine how men get through their regular duties with such distractions. My sermons I bought for a shilling and threshalf-serves each protest included as and threehalfpence each, postage included, so they gave me no trouble; but the amount of correspondence I did while my two 'strings' lasted would have killed a clerk in the War Office; and, as for walking, I became like a converted wandering law or a counterpart. wandering Jew or a country postman.

Directly Adelina saw which way the wind was

blowing in the matter of Mary, she made me put my engagement to her in black and white. She was going to stand no nonsense from that 'frump' Mary Watson, as she termed her; so she insisted on trotting me out every day in the places where parishioners most did congregate. In fact, Adelina Trevelyan and Mary Watson were like the two people in the old-fashioned weather-houses, where directly one went in the other popped out; where directly one went in the other popped out; only in the weather-houses the dolls were supposed to be of opposite sexes. My charmers, on the contrary, were both ladies; and I assure you I sometimes felt, like Captain Macheath, how happy I could have been with either, were t'other dear charmer away.

On the whole I preferred Mary Watson. Adelina felt bound to be smart, and was often rude to me in consequence. Mary was always cozy

to me in consequence. Mary was always cozy and kind. I remember one day she drew the most charming cabinet picture of of the country curate's wife helping him in his work, turning his once solitary little house into home, trotting and down the lanes of the tiny parish in help. up and down the lanes of the tiny parish in hobup and down the lanes of the tiny parish in non-nailed boots to take some comfort to a sick per-son, teaching the little children in his schools, and sitting by his side during the long winter evenings, ready to look up references while was writing his sermon.

I was getting so interested that I trembled for

my safety, and felt bound to chaff. I therefore dashed down all her pretty châteaux en Espagne

by saying;
'In fact, a poetical version of the prose "Love
Po you know what cockney John

"Love in a cottage, water and a crust, Is—Love forgive us!—cinders, ashes, dust!"

She never tried word-pictures again. Now occurred what I felt certain must lead to a contretemps (you will not, I am sure, have failed to notice my familiarity with the French language.) Adelina Trevelyan and Mary Watson struck up a violent friendship, which I saw must be the beginning of the end. Adelina had hither-to looked down on Mary, both physically and so-cially, and I had done all I could to widen instead of abridge the interval; but Fate took the matter out of my hands and made them fast friends. I felt convinced that, from that moment, my days were numbered.

What I am now going to introduce into my narrative, in chronological order, of course came to my knowledge after the event.

Adelina and Mary were at one of their confabs,

and Adelina dropped down on her friend, as Darey afterwards put it, like a hundred of bricks, with the question sde had evidently been saving up for a long time :

'Are you engaged to Dollie, Mary?'

'Adelina, what a question! But since yeu ask it, yes, I am,' she added, bristling up and assuming all the dignity of which she was capable. 'What, then, pray?'

'So am I, that's all.

'I don't believe it, you-'

'Don't let's quarrel. Read that,' and she tossed her a pink billet dated the same morning, and breathing immortal affection.

'I won't quarrel-at least not with you,' said, tossing Adelina a fascimile. 'Read this.'

It was, I regret to add, word for word a dupliat was, I regret to add, word for word a duplicate. Why should I exert myself up to the point of original composition when the Etiquette of Courtship and Marriage supplied such excellent models?

They emptied their pockets and desks. There were reams of rose-coloured composition, all in duplicate, and all transcribed rerbatim et literatim from the shilling volume.

When Adelina was recovered from her pique, she said they felt exactly like Box and Cox, as they kept on throwing sixes, and turning up heads or tails in pair simultaneously.

'Mary let's be confidentes, for we have both been 'done.' Tell me, she added, adopting quite a forensic tone, a sorth of nineteenth century Portia, 'did he ever say you were Heloise and he Abelard?

Often and often, replied Mary, and groaned

aroud.
'Did he admire your hands? Did he ever call them "pretty little daddles"?' She went on multiplying her questions as Mary nodded assent.
Did he say he didn't care half as much about the face as the hand!

'Yes, oh, yes! And tell me, Adelina, did he ever deny his love for me? Adelina, he said you were a lamp-post over and over again, and once

compared you to a pump!'
'The wretch! But did you ever tax him with

being engaged to me?

'Once, and he said it was all a myth; but he dreaded the consequences of breaking with you. You would be so piqued.'

The very expression he used of you, Mary. Shall we organise a conspiracy of marriageable spinsters, and duck him in the Round Pond? Shall we be two Dalilahs and shear the whiskers of this Samson? What shall we do, Mary?" She was stamping her pretty foot and asking the question, when Darcy and the Watsons came in; and Mary, like a practical party as she was, said, "Tell the boys."

And they did.

There was a row. Jack Darcy called at my lodgings a good many times with the avowed intention of kicking me; but I always happened to be out. My lady was incorruptible, or else I bribed higher than Jack. He married Adelina soon after, and took her down to Aldershott. She had officers and firing enough there, and, I heard, never went to a church, having foresworn 'the

cloth' altogether.

I am conceited enough to believe dear little Mary Watson felt something more than pique; but she soon found a curate much to her liking a gaunt lad in an alpaca coat, short trousers, and gray worsted stockings—who clung to his gingham unbrella like a drowning man to a spar. She has, I doubt not, realised her pretty château en Espagne, though the cottage is down in Somersetshire.

As for me I agreed with my respected father that the climate of England was warm, and Tulumnia especially het a constine evening. Tyburnia especially hot. So one fine evening, when Jack Darcy and all the Watsons had called at frequent intervals during the day, I really went out for good and all; sent a little note to the rector, who I do not think will break his heart at my absence, and dropped down the river by a night boat to Boulogne.

I am sitting in the Etablissement Gardens under the shadow of a cavalry moustache, and smoking an excellent cigar.

I feel I need rest, and shall not resume active clerical duty just at present.

#### VALUE OF CHESS PIECES.

Some interesting results were given by Mr. H. M. Taylor, Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge, in a paper "On the Relative Values of the Pieces of Chess," read before the British Association at Bristol. He found by a mathematical process that if a knight and king of different colleges beautiful as a chass-beautiful. ferent colors were placed on a chess-board at random the odds against the king being in check were 11 to 1; if a bishop and a king, 31 to 5: were 11 to 1; It a disample and a king, of to 2, and if a queen and a king, 23 to 13. If, however, we consider only safe check (i.e., check in which the king only sate eneck (i.e., eneck in which the king is unable to take the piece) the odds are respectively 11 to 1, 131 to 13, 5 to 1, 107 to 37. From these numbers we can obtain a fair theoretical resource of the relative relative relative relative relative. ical measure of the relative values of the pieces. Thus, if we take as our measure the chance of safe check, the values of the knight, bishop, rook, and queen are in the ratio 12, 13, 24, 37, while the value of these pieces in the same order as given by Staunton, are 3.05, 3.50, 5.48, and 9.94, the value of the pawn being taken as unity. Mr. Taylor remarks that the value of a pawn depends so much on the fact that it is possible to convert it into a queen that the method does not appear applicable to it.

#### THE GLEANER.

A NEW Parisian bonnet has the back brim turned up, and the front shades the forehead. They can be worn either way.

THE Greek journals announce the death of Mrs Black, Byron's "Maid of Athens." She was seventy-six years of age.

THE Princess of Wales will spend a few weeks with the Queen at Windsor, and then make a prolonged visit to her parents at Copenhagen arriving there in season for the holiday festivi-

An ingenious adding card has been invented by Mr. Gustavus Frankenstein. It does away with the labor of adding long columns of figures, the result to any amount being found with rapidity and certainty.

A LETTER will go the round of the world, it is found, in 88 days. An enterprising gentleman has achieved a certain distinction by demonstrating the fact. The route was rid Yokohama

and San Francisco. THE largest horse in Europe is now in Paris with its master, a wealthy Russian Count. The horse is jet black with a white spot on one shoulder, measures a yard and three-quarters round the withers, and boasts a speed of three-quarters of a wile per minute. quarters of a mile per minute.

GENCE Fordham, the jockey, who is now getting on in years, is to have a testimonial. The president of the committee is Sir John Astley. On the committee are the Duke of Beaufort, Admiral Rous, Lord St. Vincent, and Count Lagrange. The subscriptions are limited to three

A THOUGHTFUL and affectionate interest in the happiness of the family circle is evinced by the conduct of the Prince of Wales in leaving behind him at Malborough House presents in the form of heart-shaped lockets, each bearing the motto "sans-adieu," as farewell surprises for his sisters.

THE French Government are considering a project for constructing a canal by which the vineyards of the Rhone may be flooded as a remedy for the phylloxera. The canal will cost 20,000,000, but it will bring into fruitfulness 60,000 acres of vine lands, which will yield \$40,000,000 annually.

MUCH concern is felt by the young men of Prussis about the operations of the new military services regulations. Nineteen out of every twenty who reached the high physical standard last year were taken. Apart from the slight pros-pect of escaping the service, there is much alarm about the large number of men who go into the hospitals after the severe autumn manœu-

THE Messager Official of the Russian empire publishes a note recommending the use of mineral fuel for locomotives and steamboats instead of wood, the great demand made on the forests for fuel having already had a very disastrous effect. American railways are rapidly destroy-ing the forests, the wood for ties alone requiring the levelling of 250,000 acres of forest annually. The same waste exists in Canada.

A CENSUS just taken of the beggars of Paris gives the total number at 65,250. Of these 25,480 are women, 14,500 men, 13,060 girls, and 12,210 boys. They are catalogued under several heads: the men who play on instruments; the limited beggars who sell matches with and neaus: the men who play on instruments; the disguised beggars who sell matches, pins and buttons; and the beggars of the Barrière, who are always dying of starvation, looking for their parents, moaning the loss of their employer's money, &c.

As workmen were excavating the foundation of a shop in High street, Shoreditch, England, a chest six feet long, three feet deep, and three and a quarter wide was disclosed. On opening it a vast collection of ancient ecclesiastical plate was found. In pre-Reformation times a large convent stood on this ground, and as many objects of art stood on this ground, and as many objects of ar disappeared after the dissolution of the monaste ries, it is thought that the plate had been buried there for preservation and then forgotten

Berger, the great billiard-player, died last Berger, the great billiard-player, died last month. He is said to have made 1,200 at one break. The Emperor Napoleon III. sent for him to give him some lessons, but Berger was so excited that he could not play, and oddly began to talk politics, and gave His Majesty the benefit of his ideas. The Emperor listened quietly, and at last said, "Berger, I will give you a lesson in billiards." The billiard-player was surprised, more so when the Emperor conwas surprised, more so when the Emperor continued, "You first place the ball on the red spot, and you then try to knock it into a pocket, or else make a baulk. Connu!" "Of course," exclaimed Berger. "Connu!" repeated the exclaimed Berger. "Connu?" repeated the exclaimed Berger and sly wink, and Berger understood

what he meant. THE condition of the female iron workers in England has lately been shown by an inspector's report to be distressing. Terrible social chaos prevails in their communities, and education, moral, physical, intellectual, and spiritual life are all set at defiance. England is not so strong in the bodies and souls of her people individually or in her numbers collectively that she can afford this wholesale degradation. It is pointed out that the only remedy for the evil is an extension to nail, chain, and brickworks of the prin-ciple of the act by which women were removed altogether from mines and coal pits; an act which has during the thirty years it has been in operation, wrought nothing but good both to the workers in the industries affectable and to the community at large.

#### BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

"MANKIND," once said a preacher, "includes woman, for man embraces women.

BISMARCK's daughter is thirty-eight, and he has succeeded in getting her married. Bismarck is a great—a very great man.

How a woman can keep on talking while she vists up her back hair, and has her mouth full of hairpins, is a mystery not yet explained.

A FAIR ONE says she knows what she's talking about, and that it just doubles the value of a kiss to have to steal it from under a big moustache.

There are pretty women who are very particular to adjust their features when they speak—more careful of the action of their lips than of what shall come from them.

Some young men in Louisville have formed an anti-lift-your-hat-to-a-woman society." let the Louisville young ladies form an "antibow-to-a-puppy society.

A Brooklyn girl is engaged to be married to an Italian Count, and in the course of four or five years she may be looked for on the street with a hand-organ playing the usual tunes.

SPEAKING of the sentiment, "She who rocks the cradle rules the world," a Milwaukee journal says: --" In this place she is generally a coloured girl, and we don't believe a word of it."

THE model husband lives in Philadelphia. He never allows his wife to do more than half the work. She puts up all the canned fruit in the summer, and he puts it down in the winter.

SAID a young man to his bachelor uncle, "what advice would you give to a young man who was contemplating matrimony?" — "I should advise him to keep on contemplating it!

An Indiana gentleman buried one wife on Tuesday, married another on Thursday, and was divorced on Saturday, and he wants to know if a bigger week's work was ever performed by any one man before the panic.

"MADAM," said a trance-medium, "your husband's spirit wishes to communicate with you."—" No matter," said the widow; "if he's got no more spirit in the other world than he had in this, it's not worth bothering about."

"Henry, why don't you keep a supply of cloves in your pocket?" said an Albany young lady to her escort at the Opera House recently; "you wouldn't then have to run out after every act; and I don't see why you are so fond of cloves, anyhow."

BRIGHAM YOUNG says that a woman who can't make a dress out of eleven yards of cloth will find Heaven's gate too narrow for her to enter. However, Detroit women will use from eighteen to twenty-eight yards, and run the risk of squeezing through the gate or of finding a ladder to go over the walls.

A country girl near Utica mistook the meaning of a young man who was looking up pickers for his father's hop yard, and when asked if she was engaged, sweetly said: "Not yet, but always thought it would be pleasant." The young man rode home quickly, and dreamed all night of "breach of promise trials."

Look here, gentlemen, why this howl against ladies' striped stockings? It is your solemn duty as a respectable citizen to walk along the street with your eyes on a level with second story windows, and it's none of your business what kind of stockings are shown on the cross walks.

Anything is preferable to a barefooted woman.

Two young ladies of New York were conversing the other day, and one said that her heart was really broken. Charles had proven fickle. "Was he rich?" asked the other.—"No," was the reply; "but he was so nice." "Well, my dear," was the consolatory response: marry old Jones who is after you, and mend your heart with diamond cement." your heart with diamond cement.

#### THE SERPENT CHARMER.

A writer in Appleton's Journal thus describes a work of Fortuny entitled "The Serpent Charmer," now in the possession of Mr. A.T. Stewart: A long, lank Moor, or East-Indian, lies prone, stretched on a high-colored mat, and beside him at a little distance a skinny-armed, skeleton-handed old man is watching him. The Moor has a little wand in his hand, and with it he makes passes and slow motions, which exasperate, at the same moment that they subdue, an immense adder, which is reared before him with flaming eyes and his thin tongue twisting like a flame. We have spoken before of the adaptedflame. We have spoken before of the adaptedness of our own negroes for pictorial delineation and of the superstitious, half-animal instinct of religion that belongs to them. Many of the Spanish and French artists, such as Regnault and Fortuny, seem to have caught this aspect of tropical life and of character, and to have trans-lated it into their work. "The Serpent Charhas it in an eminent degree, and, lying on his belly, with his long, muscular arms writhing slowly about, his grace and his cunning scarcely raise him above the slimy level of the reptile his enchantment subdues. A few other queer figures beside the old man, gaunt and uncanny, watch the serpent-charmer. A long-legged crane or stork, with tall, scaly legs, and eyes half-closed, contemplates the scene, much in the manner of Barnaby Rudge's raven, and one or two dirty ragged paupers linger on the outskirts of the picture, but so vague and shapeless are these latter that the spectator scarcely knows whether to recognize them as men or as beasts.

#### HOUSE DECORATION.

May the fair housekeeper be strong to resist that abomination, an oil chromo! One thoroughly good engraving or two good photographs of fine pictures bring more beauty to a room than do twenty highly-colored chromos. Water-color chromos are not included in this criticism, for many of them are really beautiful and valuable. Those representing bits of foreign streets, holding perhaps a noble old cathedral or bridge, make delightful islands of color on the wall. But even these should be taken in moderation; one is usually enough or ought to be—it may be placed over the mantel—the place where the most warmly-colored and consequently cheerful picture should always be hung. Valuable engravings are to be accumulated slowly, and those who do not know how to select them judiciously should ask some more cultivated friend to do it for them. It is always better to buy the print unframed and have the framing done in accordance with one's means. Joan should remember that one of the best points of a well-framed engraving is an appropriate "mat"— inner frame of pasteboard which immediately surrounds the picture. With a deep and hand-some "mat" a less elaborate frame is required, and in some cases when the print has a clear, broad margin, and the impression is very dark, an inch-wide frame of ungrooved, oiled walnut is sufficient without a "mat." It is well, always, to spend most money on the print and least on the framing, which can easily be simple without having a vulgarly cheap look.

Plaster easts, when they are good copies of fine antiques, are handsome and not expensive. The the white of plaster is somewhat trying to the eye and it is therefore better to have it colored a delicate pale gray. A piece of warmly-tinted velvet or broadcloth thrown carelessly over and hiding a light wooden framework makes a very effective background for an artistic cast. Excellent diminished copies of some of the more famous antiques may be bought for from \$5 to \$18. These casts are sometimes bronzed, but it is hardly advisable to indulge in this very cheap imitation.

There are countless small things which are not costly, but which help to make a room delightful and homelike. The nearest carpenter lightful and homelike. The nearest carpenter will make for little money a water-tight wooden box, which, painted green and filled with growing plants, will, with little care keep Summer in a sunny window all Winter. A pot or two of English ivy placed on brackets, the vines being trained around pictures or doorways, give beauty and cheeriness at very small cost. A tall vase filled with dried grasses, oats, and autumn leaves with wire-lengthened stems inserted in sand, will make a dim corner lovely; a graceful little training bunch of pressed ferns, leaves, and bitter-sweet berries, fastened lightly on a picture cord, will brighten the faded engraving under cord, will brighten the facled engraving under it. A quaint bit of old china, photographs of

famous places and peoples, scattered carelessly about one's tables—all these trifles and more help to make, without much expense, a very cosy and charming room. The last requisite is of course that it be lived in—any room which is left to silence and darkness more than half the time—the fate of too many parlors—can never be really cheerful.

#### ARTISTIC.

MR. ALMA TADEMA, the London artist, acompanied by his wife, has started on a long tour of

CANOVA chose five hundred beautiful women from whom to model Venus, and among them all could not find a decent set of toes.

SIX Imperial Roman busts discovered at Mar-kouna, near Lambese, Africa, have been presented to the Musée les Antiques of the Louvre.

MEISSONIER'S celebrated painting of the "Cuirassiers de Reichschoffen " is said to have been sold to an American gentleman for six thousand dollars.

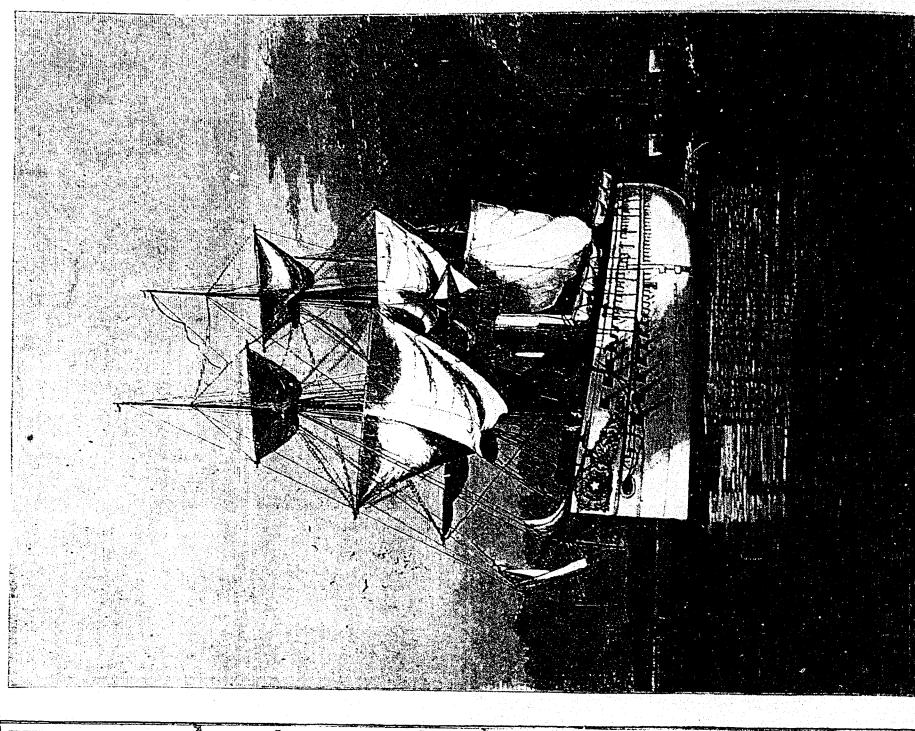
A fine portrait of the poet Longfellow has been produced by the artist, J. E. Baker, and published in lithograph by the Atlantic Monthly, for a premium to its subscribers.

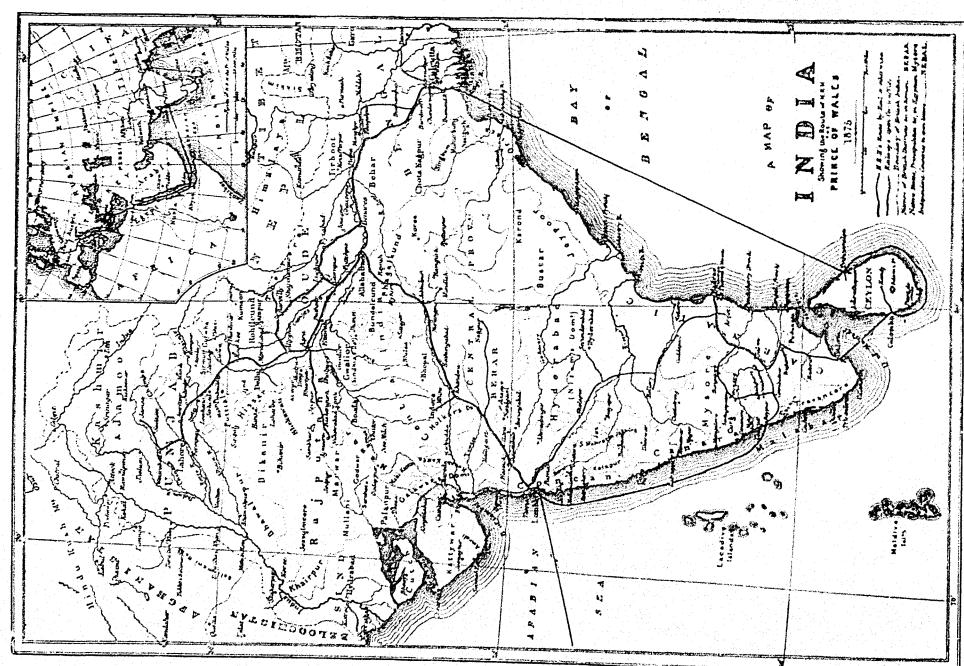
LEWIS WINFIELD is said to have a studio adpining his house in Maida Vale. London, which is as noble in proportions and as fascinating as a dainty brie-a-brac shop. The wainscoting was procured by buying out an old English church. The walls are lined with the news.

ONE of the English R. A. 's has improved upon Mrs. Crawshay's "hady helps." He has trained his chidren to wait upon his guests at dinner. And a charming waiter and waitress they make in their picturesque dress, and hair arranged in true artist fashion. There is this advantage in the arrangement, that you can talk to these children helps, and you must not to lady helps, if they are pretty.

VANDYKE's long lost "Madonna with the Child," of which countless copies exist in various parts of Europe, has at last been discovered in the original. The picture has formed the altar piece to the chapel of an obscure German cloister, and was found there by the Flemish painter, George Van Haanen. After slight restoration it is now to be seen entirely uninjured, and in its pristine condition. its pristine condition.

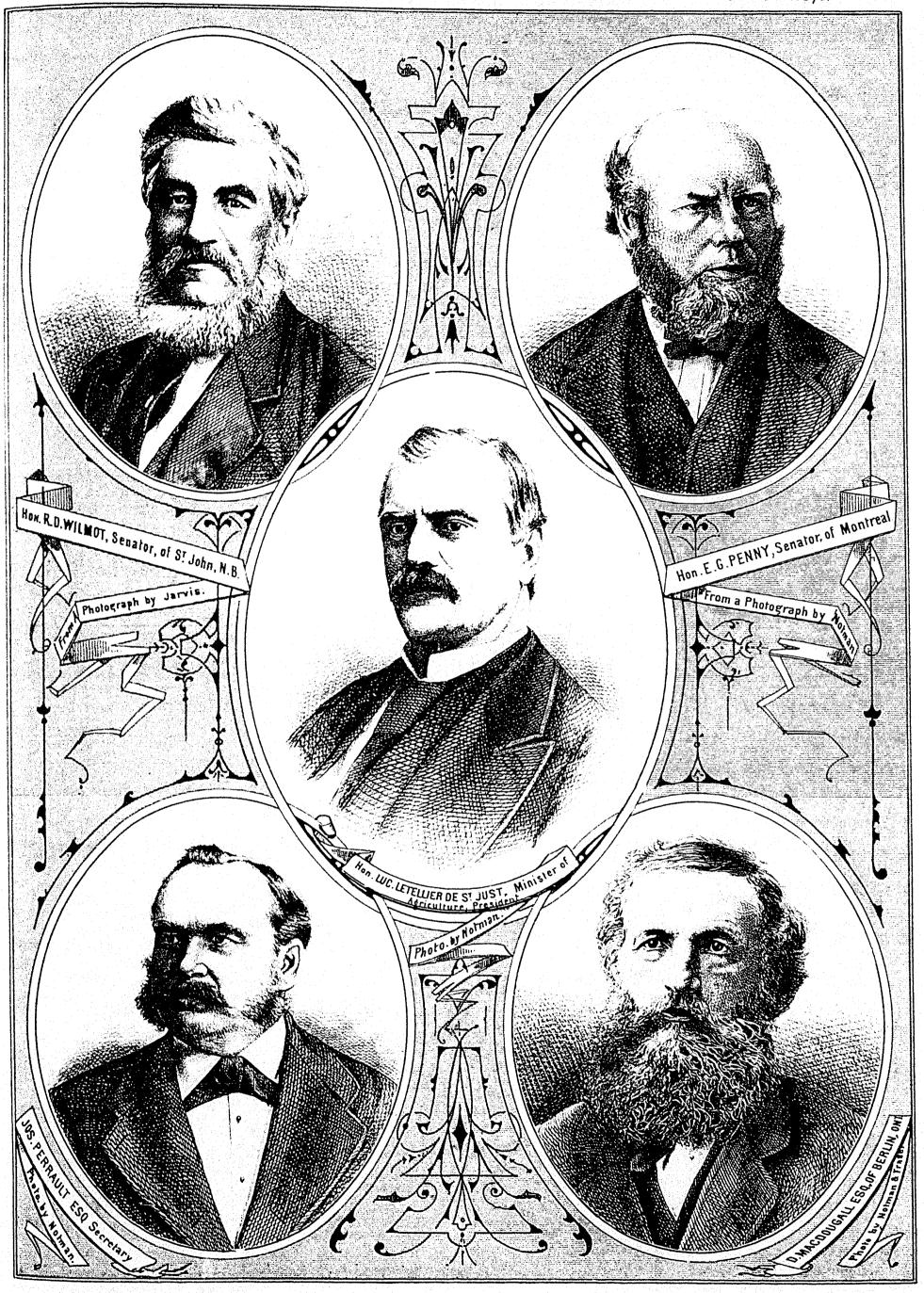
THE painter Meissonier is building a princely residence in the most fashionable quarter of Paris. The panels of one of the saloons will, it is stated, be decorated by M. Meissonier himself. M. Meissonier owns a large country-seat at Poissy, about twenty miles from Paris. The grounds are very extensive, and comprise a very fine park, and several dwelling houses belonging to M. Meissonier and his family. The Abbaye was formerly the property of a rich sisterhood, where many rich ladies of rank sought refuge from the pomp and vanity of the world outside. Numerous statues, and other works of art, were discovered while the park was being transformed into its present state, some of which were hardly appropriate to grace the precincts of a numery.





VISIT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES TO INDIA

THE CANADIAN COMMISSION OF THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF 1876.



[For the Canadian Illustrated News.]

#### ALL THE DIFFERENCE IN THE WORLD.

"Come hither, girl!" the old man said,

Come inter, girl. the out man said.
While seeming sorrow bowed his head.
'My son—thy lover, girl—is dead'—
Dead?" shricked the maid, then murmured low.
'Heaven help me:'" 'Nay girl speak not so,"
'He's merely dead—in love: you know."

LOOP REVIL.

#### FIAMMETTA.

Hardly a week has clapsed, and the solitude I thought never to tire of has become unendura-

· I actually listen, at times, for a footstep to pass my door!

Fitting punishment! Deserted by one, I mistrusted all, and fleeing hither, hoped to find among these rugged cliffs, dim caves, and grand old ocean symphonics, unmitigated solitude.

And now!

The sun is setting behind the Isle of Mull fringing the clouds with gold, and illumining the heath-covered summits of the mountains with rich deep tints of violet and bluish purple as if to create effective contrast with the dark gray of the basaltic hills and the deep green of the

A large brown eagle flits from crag to crag, as if seeking his mate. Sea-birds swim in pairs or groups in the straits below. The shadows of evening are falling, and I am alone-

'Alone with my hopeless sorrow; No other mate I know.''

Surely I hear a sound. What is it? Peculiar! the stuffed otter, perhaps! How do I know that the stuffed otter, perhaps! How do I know that he is dead? Given certain conditions, and he might recover, equally with yonder feathery coralline zoophyte! Perhaps he thinks I am dead! I sit still enough, often for hours, doing nothing, threading labyrinths of thought, gazing at the faces in the fire, he the while doing nothing, unless to get a firmer grin mean his face and gazing. less to get a firmer grip upon his face, and gazing speculatively at me.

Just now my cigar is making him envious. Or does a gleam from my taper scintillate in his

Again that sound, and not from the otter, clearly! It seems close at hand! Ah, what! am Iawake, or dreaming?—or does solitude drive me mad! Shades of Petrarch, De Stael, Augustine! were your labours, then, but the forced fruit of lucid intervals, and man, if left alone, doomed ever to go mad? It must be so, or else this Hebridean flame is charmed, for, in truth, it is this taper's light itself that, tremulously flickering, gives out a sound !

"So drear—so drear out here!" "Eh! what's that?"

"It's so drear out here. Do take me home!"
"Home!" I stammer, aghast; "there is no

home!"
"Oh, yes, there is. My sister wants me—and Fiamino. Do take me home!"

Pray, who is Fiamino !

Fiamino is my lover. Together we climb the tall back ridges of the mountains, and, wherever we go, the flowers spring up; flowers all crimson and gold—grander than any anything you have in your pale, murky world. Oh, please, do take me home!"

"What! before you have even told me your

name?

"My name is Fiammetta. There—hark! Can't you hear them calling 'Fiammetta! Fiammetta?"

"I can't say that I do, although I admit there seems to be a little excitement about. 'Oh, how stupid clods are! Mamma always

said so. Take me quickly home.'

"I am much too angry."
"I am much too angry."
"Angry!—are you! What about?"
"At your calling me stupid and a clod, of

"What's the use of being angry, when I only speak the truth! If, now, I had told a false-

"That would be impossible. But suppose one of your sisters told you Fiamino made love to her. It would be quite true, and yet you would be undoubtedly angry

"How could Fiamino make love to my sister? I tell you he is engaged to me. Clods do that sort of thing, I know.—I have seen and heard them

often; but we do not."
"Not now, since Fiamino must think you have deserted him—for a clod. Won't he, for amusement, clasp the prettiest of them about the waist, and whirl her up to the smoke-wreathed

crest of yonder black mountain, and give her a "No; he will not, I am quite sure. They may go together, looking among the dull gray crags for me. and peering about in the jasper caves. Or they might even wander over the

mountain this once; because some one must wake up the flowers, and it is dull working alone. But kiss her! I cannot think what you are talking

"So you are not easily made jealous—ch, little one?"

"Jealous, indeed! We trust those we love, and think no evil, even if circumstances look

"As just now, for instance! But depend upon it, cold shoulder awaits you if you go back. Better stay with me always!"
"Will you have the kindness to take me back.

please, now directly ! Oh! what would mamma say if she knew !

"You think she has not found out your esca-

pade yet?"
"Mamma is dead, and gone up into the

sky!"
"Ah! Your bright world is not without death, then? And how came poor mamma to

"She was killed by a landslip."
"That was very sad! Do you have many land-

slips?, 'A great many little ones. But we usually manage to scamper out of the way. It is even good fun sometimes. Only I wish there were no

'And what are wands?"

"Not know what wands are ! I wish to goodness you didn't know how to use them! It seems to me they are the last resource of clods who are lazy!"
"Poor little Fiametta! I shall never use a

"Won't you? Oh, I'll tell Fiamino!

"Fiamino be blessed! You will just stay and talk ethics to me. I cannot possibly let you go! You are such an amusing little article!"

"But I must, indeed, go! Now please don't keep me any longer. Do you know why I spoke to you?"

"I hav'n't an idea to what I am indebted for

that honour."

"To your eyes! When I tooked at them, I saw myself! And that never happens except when clods are nice. I always judge by that." "You condescend to take a little notice of us,

then, sometimes?"

"Yes, sometimes, when the mountains have more dark slopes to brighten up; and Fiamino is gone somewhere into the purple haze at the

back. Then I just perch myself on a bar, and lock about a bit. But it is not very amusing."

"Not at that distance. But you know you are longing all the time to jump down from your prison bars, and never go back to Fireland any more."

"Indeed I am not! There is nothing I should dislike more! I detest clods as a rule; I don't see their use! Can you tell me what

"For one thing, there would be no fire-worlds. And where, in that case, would be the Fiamettas, not to say Fiamitos !"

"That is too ridiculous! We were in existence long before the earliest clod was made from dust. They are quite a new invention compared to us. And, for my part, I think them a mistake—a blot on the universe!"
"Humph! May I ask why you have so un-

"Humph! May I ask why you have so unfavourable an opinion of us!"
"Why! Because the first of you set to work to do wrong the moment he had an opportunity, and his example has been regularly followed all through. Not one of you is to be trusted. There must be laws for this and laws for that. If you were what you ought to be such precautions were what you ought to be, such precautions would be altogether unnecessary."

"They are needed only for a comparative few. Man is a law to himself."

"A clod a law to himself! That's amusing, "A clod a law to himself! That's amusing, indeed. What in? His love—his ambition—his greed? Why, there has to be a chain and a fetter forged for him at every step he takes in pursuit of any of them. While as to justice and generosity, oh, if ever I do long to leave home, it is to ask them how, in the face of Him who created them out of the very dirt, they dare set themselves up above their fellows, and act so unjustly by them!"

"You would have enough to do, little one, to go running a-tilt against the world's injustice.

From mighty wrongs to petty perfidy.
Have I not seen what human things could de?
From the loud roar of foaming calumny.
To the small whisper of the as paltry few.
And subtler venom of the reptile crew.

Venom that would poison all my life, did I give heed to it? Bah! I am terrifying you, poor child!"

"Are you hurt, that you look like that?"

"To the death, some hope."

" But there is no high thing out of heaven That pride o'ermastereth not?' "

"Ah, if Fiamino said things to hurt me like that, I should die!"

And what is your idea of dying?"

"And what is your idea of dying?"
"Going up into the sky, if we're good, and having banners given us to wave at the rising and the setting sun. And those who do their work best will get the prettiest colours. I like crimson—do you?"

"I think I prefer green."
"Ah! green is for those who are disappointed here, but who keep working and hoping, hoping

here, but who keep working and hoping, hoping and working, all the same."

"So you are not afraid of dying!"
"Oh, no! What's the use, when it must hap-

pen some day?"

"To you as well as to clods."

"Yes. But shall I tell you what they say will happens to clods?"

"Do."

"And you won't be vexed with little me?"
"Certainly not, gentle Fiammetta. Nay, more—I will endeavour to lay store by your phi-

more—I will endeavour to lay store by your pnilosophy, and profit by it."
"Well, they do say that there will come a time when we shall have the power to punish those who have been hard, stern, and unpitying—that we shall be as kings, with crowns of gold acceptance of topics and no cled will be able. and sceptres of topaz, and no clod will be able to stand against us!"

"Why, what a fierce little thing it can be, with all its soft, glowing looks and broom-blos-

" Will you put me back now, please?"

"If you insist upon it. But may I fetch you

to-morrow? "Oh, no; I can never come again."

"I think you will. I shall wish for you so much that you will be bound to come."

"Now, please—haste—that is Fiamino! Oh, do be quick!" "Then the die is irrevocably cast for this

me. Well, good-bye, Fianmetta!"
Moon rising! Wind blowing!
A good stretch along the coast is about the

thing for me now. Mine host's port, it strikes me, is a trifle heady.

#### OUR CHESS COLUMN.

Solutions to Problems sent in by Correspondents will be duly acknowledged

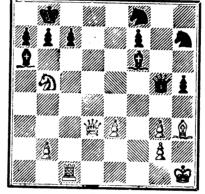
#### TO CORRESPONDENTS

F. H. A. Quebec, Solution of Problem No. 41 received. Correct.

PROBLEM No. 45.

From the Chess Player's Chronicle.

BLACK.



WHITE

White to play and mate in four moves.

GAME 50TH.

Played recently between two prominent players of the Quebec Chess Club.

P to K 4th
Kt to Q B 3rd
B to Q B 4th
B takes P
B to Q B 4th
P takes P
P to Q 6th
P to Q 3rd
Kt to K 4th
Kt takes B
Q to Q 2nd

Q to Q 2nd P to K R 3rd Q to K 3rd Kt to K 2nd B takes Kt

Castles P to K B 4th

P to K B 4th
B to Q 2nd
P to Q R 3rd
Q to Kt 3rd
B to K sq
P to Q R 4th
Q to R 2nd
Q R to R 2nd
B to K ft 3rd
B to K 5th
B to K 4th
B to K 5th

B to K Kt 5th
P to R 5th
P to Q Kt 4th
P to Q Kt 5th
P to Q Kt 5th
P to Q Kt 8q
R takes P
B takes Kt
R takes B P
R to Q 5th
P takes B
Q to Kt 2nd
Kt takes P
Q takes R
Q takes R
Kt to B 3rd

BLACK.

P to K 4th

Erans' Gambit.

WHITE .-- (Mr. Sanderson.) BLACK .-- (Mr. C. Champion) 1. P to K 4th
2. Kt te K B 3rd
3. B to Q B 4th
4. P to Q K 4th
5. P to Q B 3rd
6. P to Q 4th
7. Castles
8. Oatles

8. Q takes P 9. Kt to K Kt 5th

10. Q to B 2nd 11. Q to R 4th (ch) 12. Q takes Kt 13. K Kt to B 3rd

13. K Kt to B 3rd
14. Q to Q 3rd
15. Kt to Q 4th
16. P takes B
17. P to K 5tn
19. Kt to B 3rd
20. P to Q 5th
21. P to K 6th
22. B to R 3rd
23. K R to K B 3rd
24. B to Kt 2nd
25. K R to Kt 3rd
26. Kt to Q sq

Kt to Q sq Kt to K B 2nd Kt to R 3rd Q to Q 4th Q to Q B 3rd Q R to K sq Q to Kt 3rd

92. Q to Kt 3rd
33. Q to Q 3rd
34. Q R to K 3rd
35. P to Q R 3rd
36. P takes P
37. Q to Q 2nd
38. R takes B
99. Q R to K Kt 3rd
40. B takes R
41. Q takes P
42. Q takes RP
43. R takes Kt P
44. R to K Kt 3rd
45. P takes Q, won af

45. P takes Q, won after a few moves by white.

Solution of Problem No. 43. WHITE. 1. P to R 5th 2. R to K R 8th 3. R or Kt mates 1. R takes P 2. Anything

Solution of Problem for Young Players

SOLUTIONS.

WHITE

R takes P at Q 5th (ch)
 P to Q R 8th, becoming a Kt, and mates

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS.

No. 43.

BLACK. K at Q B sq Q at K Kt 2nd R at K Kt 6th B at Q 2nd B at Q Kt 3rd P at Q B 2nd K at K R 4th Q at K 4th B at K 3rd

White to I lay and mate in three moves.

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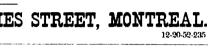
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JOSEPH GOULD, Importer of Piano-Portes and Cabinet Organs, 211 St. James Street, Montreal. 11-7-52-98.

J. V. MORGAN, 75 ST. JAMES STREET,
Agent for the SILICATED CARBON FILTER COMPANY, also the PATENT PLUMBAGO CRUCIBLE COMPANY,
BATHERSEA, LONDON. 10-25-52-65

J. FORGET,
STOCK AND SHARE BROKER,
104, St. Francois Xavier St., (Exchange Bank Building.)
11-19-52-146.

# MERCHANTS—SEND TO HICKS' FOR CARDS

M. PARKS, PHOTOGRAPER, HAS RECEIVED a very fine collection of STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS of Zeosemite Valley, Seranavada Mountain & Niagara Falls. 11-8-52-101

PATENTS!
F. H. REYNOLDS, SOLICITOR OF PATENTS,
235 St. James Street, Montreal.
11-8-52-J00

P. KEARNEY, GILDER, MANUFACTURER OF Mirror, Portrait and Picture Frames, 69 St. Antoine Street Montreal. Old Frames regilt equal to New. 11,0,59,104

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\$500 PER MONTH TO LIVE MEN. SEND \$5 for Agents' outfit which will sell for \$10 or money refunded.

10-21-52-39.

A. D. CABLE. 568 Craig Street, Montreal,

# THE FAIRBANKS' PLATFORM SCALE

Stands side by side with the mower, the reaper, and the cotton gin, as tributary to the material progress of the



## CANADIAN COMMISSION.

International Exhibition of 1876.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the expense of transportation of articles transmitted to the CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION at Philadelphia will be borne by the Canadian Commission, and that they will be responsible for any loss of damage sustained by exhibitors. They will also furnish all

#### Show Cases, Counters, Shelving, &c.,

and will provide the necessary conveniences for the trans and will provide the necessary conveniences for the transmission of power from shafts in the Machinery Hall.

Articles for exhibition will be tree of duty incless sold for use in the United States. Articles sold to be shipped to other countries will be free of duty.

Entries close on 1st November next.

Articles to be delivered in the different Provinces not later than 1st of March, 1876.

Exhibition of Animals in September and October, 1876.

Impediate artiflection is a september and October, 1876.

Immediate application is necessary to secure space, such application to be forwarded to Mr. W. H. FRAZER, Secretary of Advisory Board, 37 Scott St., Teronto.

D. McDOUGALL, Berlin,

Commissioner Ontario. J. PERRAULT.

OFIAWA, September, 1875.

Secretary 12-18-3-222.

To My Venerate and the Parki; assistance Main Street. Maintenant Main Street. Maintenant May 25% (355). In presentance the centure manufacture of any locaritance in M. B. M. W. Link. Discreet. of they take I made and that I have sent the concentrations of the centure of the parking and that I have sent the concentrations of the centure of the sent the centure of the centure of the body and a project that well and contained to extract the centure of the body and a project that well and contained to extract the centure of the body and a project that well as a perfectly free four any form of the body and a project that well as a perfectly free four any form of the centure of the sent and braiding that is perfectly free four any form of the centure of the sent and the centure of the sent and the centure of the sent and the centure of the centure of the sent and the centure of the ce



Masteresi, May, 31 # 1575 Kenneing the Comparition of PEST Consens Secretary, med it personally be sometime past, I can confident and it as a susy and reposite power by cleaning the appearing the health of the most and wars personal the health of the most and wars overmented it is my patients and its off I can be unround. and promound it is no present and is all I can be and Jo BEM Gale Chemist Mantreal .

# CINGALESE HAIR RENEWER

Causes the hair to grow, Invigorating the roots, Not soiling the skin... Grey hair it restores Again to its natural colour, Leaving it beautifully Embellished and glossy. Stope its falling off. Excels all others.

Price 75c. Three Bottles for \$2.00.

For sale by Druggists everywhere. J. GARDNER, CREMIST.

457 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

JAMES MUIR,
HOUSE AND LAND AGENT,
New Canada Life Buildings, No. 190 St. James Street,
Montreal.
12:1-52-173

JAS. K. POLLOCK. CARVER, CILDER, Looking Glass, Picture Frame

PASSE-PARTOUT MANUFACTURER.

No. 13 BLEURY ST., MONTREAL. 12-2-52-178.

#### NOTICE.

IN ACCORDANCE WITH A RESOLUTION OF the Board of Directors of the MECHANICS' BANK. L the Board of Directors of the MECHANICS' BANK, and in conformity with the 29th section of the Act relating to Banks and Banking (34 Vic. c. 5), I hereby call a SPECIAL GENERAL MEETING of the Shareholders of the MECHANICS' BANK, to take place at the office of the Bank in Munuteal, on the HIGHTEENTH day of NOVEMBER next, at TWO o'clock, to take into consideration the affairs of the Bank generally.

W. SHANLEY,

President Mechanics' Bank,
Montreal, 29th Sept., 1875. 12-18-4-226

# NOTICE.

A PPLICATION will be made to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, at its next session, for an Act to incorporate "THE CHURCH HOME OF MONTREAL."

ONTREAL.
Montreal, 20th October, 1875.
CARTER & KELLER,

Solicitors for Applicants.

THE LARGEST STOCK

FINE FURNITURE

PIANOS IN THE DOMINION

always on sale at WHOLESALE PRICES

PRINCIPAL

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TWICE A WEEK, AND DAILY during the BUSINES SEASON.

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Nos. 724, 726 and 728, CRAIG STREET,

MONTREAL.

12.10.96-198

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Are sold by Chemists and Druggists throughout the world.



PEPSINE, the pupular and professional medicine
for indigestion is MORSON'S PEP

SINE, the active principle of the gastric juice. Sold
a Powder, Lorenges, Globules; and as Wise in 1.
1, and 1 pint Bottles.

CHLORODYNE is of such celebrity that it can scarcely be considered a speciality, its composition being known to practitioner. Many of the Unicordynes being unequal in strength, MORSON & SON have prepared this. Sold in |. If and 3-on bottles.

PANCREATIZED COD LIVER OIL (perfectly intercible in winter or milk), in 4 cm., 8 cm., and pict Bottles.

Highly recommended by the Medical profession in Pulsemary complaints.

Carefully packed and shipped. Orders made payable in England.

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MEDALLISTS AND JUROES AT ALL THE GREAT EXHIBITIONS. 31, 33, & 124, Southampton Row, Russell Square, London. WORRS-HORNSEY AND HOMERTON.

CHEMICALS AND NEW MEDICINES. PURE

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UNLIMITED LIABILITY OF SHAREHOLDERS. IGENCIES IN ALL THE PRINCIPAL CITIES AND TOWNS. W. E. SCOTT, M. D., Medical Adviser, JOHN KENNEDY, Inspector. Office: 64 St. Francois-Taylor St., Montreal.



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12-14-13-210.

ESTABLISHED 1840.

BERNARD & LOVEJOY, DENTISTS. 646 Paluce Street,

Opposite St. Andrew's Church, MONTREAL

GEORGE W. LOVEJOY, M.D., L.D.S.,

Resides on the Premises.

Pure Nitrous Oxide Gas always in reading sistered when required. R. ALEXANDER.

GRAVEL ROOFING.

41 ST. ANTOINE ST., MONTREAL 04-10-21-52-36

NVENTORS who want PATENTS should write to H.T. HARTLEY, O. Box 313. No. 22 St. John Street, Montreal,

19-4-32/195-00

#### NOTICE.

Application will be made at the next Session of the Legislature for the passing of an Act to authorise JOHN HENRY PELLY SIMPSON to sell and convey certain Real Escale in this Province, being three Islands is the River St. Lawrence above Lachine, known as "LESISLES DORFAL," notwithstanding the substitution affecting the said Islands contained in the last Will and Teatament of the late SIR GEORGE SIMPSON. Montreal, 8th Sept., 1875.

12-12-9-200.

#### NOTICE.

A PPL-CATION will be made to the Legislature of A the Pruvince of Quebec, at its next session, for an Act to inconverse "THE PATRIOTIC INSURANCE COMPANY" of to incorpan.
OMPANY
Montreal, 20th October, 1675,
CARTER & KELLER,
Solicitors for Applicant.

SIGNOR J. HAZAZER'S ACADEMY

DANCING AND DEPORTMENT NOW OPEN.

12 '8-(5-92)

INTERCOLONIAL COAL MINING COMPANY

Offer for sale their superior STEAM and HOUSE COAL, arriving weekly, at low prices.

Office, 4 and 5 Union Buildings, 43 ST. PRANCOIS XAVIER ST. 12-9-13-196.

# BANK OF MONTREAL.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT A

SEVEN PER CENT

upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Institution has been declared for the current half year; and that the same will be nayable at its Banking House, in this city,

#### Wednesday, the First Day of Dec. next

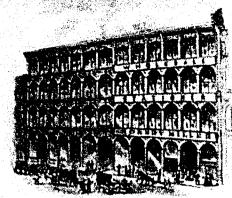
The Transfer Books will be closed from the 16th to the 30th November next, both days inclusive. By order of the Board,

> R. B. ANGUS. Conerni Manager.

Montreal, 26th October, 1873.

12-19-4-231.

# ROBERT MILLER



Publisher, Book-binder, Manufacturing and WHOLESALE STATIONER

Wall Papers, Window Shades and SCHOOL BOOKS. 397 NOTER DAME STREET, MONTREAL

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Minhe's Patent Blone and Ore Breaker. WATERS PERFECT ENGINE GOVERNOR FOUNDERS' WATERIALS, FACINGS, AC., ON BALE.



THE FOLLOWING IS AN

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER dated 13th May, 1872, from an old inhabitants.
Horningsham, near Warmineter, Willia:--

"I must also beg to say that your Fills are as arculient medicine for me, and I cortainly despity good health, sound sleep and a good appoint it is it is is owing to taking your Fills. I am it years old.
"Remaining, Gentlemen,

Yours very respectfully.

#### NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS, LONDON. 14-6-46-189-+2+

THE \$50,000 BONANZA. \$5 to \$50 INVESTED IN WALL STREET culars sent free. Address,

PENDLETON & READ, Bankers, 65 Wall Birect, New York.

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